NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE TREE TOAD'S SONG.

Merrily, merrily, curtained in green,
When peeps the last sunlight the branches between
Of the tall waving ash-tree, at midsummer e'en,
Chant we our vespers, the meadows among:
Chirp away! chirp away!
For the night-nurtured shadows grow murky and long.

O blithely and gaily 'tis ours to awake,
When Zephyr nods kindliest over the lake,
And sweetest the air of the ferny brake,
And tiny bright wings around us hover:
Chirp away! chirp away!
Speckled sisters, the summer day is over.

We'll sing to their slumber the birds and flowers;
But some of the fairest are night's and ours,
Which the elfins cull for their blossomed bowers,
When sparkles the dew, and the moon is high,
Chirp away! chirp away!
And none but we sisters are loitering nigh.

Chirp away through the hush of the live long night!
No flouting intruder our revels to blight,
Mid fragrance, and stillness, and starry light,
We dwell in the lap of the greenwood tree:
Chirp away! chirp away!
Loud let the twilight's welcome be! A.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

ODE TO COLD WATER.

'Look not upon wine when it is ruddy and sparkles in the cup.'
* * * *
'O Fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro.'
Horat. Ode I. 3.

Not to the Paphian queen, I tune my lowly lyre,
Nor rosy Bacchus, does my lay inspire;
O'er Suli's rock and Parga's classic shore,
On Dedalean wing, I'll soar no more.
But, with a grey goose quill and gander's flight,
Will shout, with all my main and all my might,
Cold Water!

Friendship and Love oft twine about the heart
Their tendril growth; so the 'gemmed bowl,'
To [illegible]ious rapture stirs the generous soul—
But neither Friendship's golden chain, Love's amorous dart,
Nor ruby tinted grape, allure the feet to stray
In '*Total Abstinence's*' strait and narrow way,
As thou, Cold Water!

Who rashly climb Ambition's topmost round,
Are often glad again to touch the ground;
The 'court and camp' are baubles of a day—
The flower's no sooner plucked than flung away!
Indeed all earthly honors bring with them satiety,
Save membership in Temperance Society.
Cold Water!

The joys of sense, the pleasures of the hour,
Sweeten the palate, but the stomach sour.
Old Grandam Eve could not with Satan grapple,
So having plucked, she straightway ate the apple;
Had she but slacked her lust on 'Adam's ale,'
May be, at Death's grim phiz, we should not now turn pale.
Cold Water!

Rum, brandy, gin, but lead to blood and slaughter;
To gentle peace and plenty, thou, Cold Water!
The mighty ocean bears the stately ship!
The Lybian fountain cools the pilgrim's lip!
Sweet are the dew-drop and the leaping rill;
As 'money makes the mare go,' thou, the mill,
Cold Water!

'Delirium tremens' racks the drunken man—
With wholesome fat shake the whole Temperance clan;
While the stout table groans with generous wine,
For 'water cold,' they go the entire swine;
But brandyed mince-pies swallow, nothing loth,
They'll 'eat auld Nick, but winna drink his broth.'
Cold Water!

And now my watery muse halts limping to her goal—
Cold Water's better for the face than soul!
Byron's great mind, magnificent and free,
Roam'd o'er 'old mountains' and the heaving sea;
But ere undying laurels *he* could win,
He was compelled to drench himself with Gin!
Cold Water!

And Horace too, that charming, dear old man,
Whose eagle eye could human frailties scan;
Ere thy clear stream, Blandusian Fount he praised,
Oft to his lips, the ripe Falernian, raised.
Yes, Lyric Bard! without your cheerful glass,
Spite of your teeth, you'd write yourself an ass.
Cold Water!

'Tis time I close this uninspiring theme;
The spell is broke of my cold water dream—
Farewell, Cold Water! honest friend, farewell!
I do not love thee, though I wish thee well;
But many a winter o'er my head must roll,
Ere I forget thy charms, alluring Alcohol!
COLD WATER.

DUMONT'S BENTHAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BY JOHN NEAL.—WITH NOTES.

Analysis of the evils resulting from attempts upon Property.

We have already seen that Subsistence depends upon the laws that secure to husbandmen the fruits of their labor; but it may be well to analyse more exactly the evils which result from violations of property. They may be reduced to four heads.

1. *Evil of non-possession.* If the acquisition of a portion of wealth is a good; the non-possession must be an evil, though but a negative. Thus, although man in their state of original poverty, did not feel the privation of property, which was unknown to them, it is clear that they had so much the less of happiness which we are in the enjoyment of.

The loss of a portion of good, though one were always ignorant of it, would be still a loss. If you dissuade my friend, by calumny from bequeathing to me a good which I did not expect, do you not injure me? In what does this injury consist? In the negative evil of my not possessing what I should have possessed but for your calumny.

2. *Evil of loss.* Whatever I actually possess, or ought to possess, I consider in my imagination as properly mine forever. I make it the basis of my expectation, the hope of those who depend upon me, and the support of my plan of life. Every part of my property may have to me—besides its intrinsic value, a value of affection, as the heritage of my ancestry, the reward of my labor, or the future dependence of my children. Every part represents to me that portion of myself which I have put into it, the care, the industry, the economy which overlooked present in providing for future pleasure. Thus property becomes a part of our being, and cannot be torn away from us without wounding us to the quick.

3. *Fear of losing.* To regret for what we have lost, is joined inquietude as to what we possess, and even as to what we may be able to acquire: for the majority of objects which constitute subsistence or abundance, being perishable, acquisitions for the future are a necessary supplement to present possession.

When insecurity reaches a certain point, the fear of losing interferes with the enjoyment of what we possess. The care of preserving, subjects us to a thousand gloomy and painful precautions, always subject to disappointment. Treasures fly or bury themselves. Enjoyment becomes gloomy, secret and solitary. It fears to excite the cupidity of power by betraying itself openly.

4. *Decay of Industry.* If I despair of securing to myself the products of my labor, I think only of subsisting from day to day, I do not choose to labor for what may turn only to the profit of my enemies. But besides, for work, it is not enough to have the will; means are required. While waiting to gather, subsistence must be had. A single loss may reduce me to inability for labor, without curing or taking [illegible] the spirit of industry, or paralyzing even my will.— Hence the three first of these evils affect the passive faculties of the individual, while the fourth operates even upon the active faculties, and strikes them with more or less of torpor.

We see by this analysis that the two first of these evils do not go beyond the individual injured; while the two last spread themselves, and occupy an indefinite space in society. An attempt upon the property of one alone, alarms other proprietors. This feeling spreads itself from neighbor to neighbor, and the contagion may at last reach the whole body of the state.

For the development of industry, the union of *power* and *will* is required. Will depends upon encouragement; power upon means. These means, in the language of political economy are *productive capital*. If it regards but one individual, his productive capital may be annihilated by one single loss, without extinguishing or weakening his spirit of industry. As it regards a nation, the annihilation of its productive capital is impossible; but long before this fatal point, the evil may have reached the will, and the spirit of industry may fall into a disastrous consumption, in the very midst of the advantages that arise from a rich and fertile soil. The will however, being excited by so many stimulants, bears up with or under discouragements and losses. A passing calamity however great it may be, never destroys the spirit of industry. It is seen to revive, after the wasting wars that have impoverished the nations, as one sees a mighty oak, shattered by the tempest, recover its strength and repair its ravages in a few years. To crush industry, nothing less than the operation of a domestic and permanent cause is required; such as a tyrannical government, a bad legislation, an intolerant religion which repels man, or a minute superstition which brutifies him.

A first act of violence begets at first a certain degree of apprehension; already are some timid spirits discouraged. A second act of violence following soon, extends the alarm more considerably. The most prudent now begin to narrow their enterprises, and to abandon, little by little, their uncertain career. As these attacks are reiterated, and the system of oppression takes a more habitual character, the dispersion increases; those who fly are not replaced; those who remain fall into a state of languor. It is in this way, that the field of industry, after being wasted by storms for a long while, may become a desert.

Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, the shores of Africa, so rich in agriculture, in commerce, in population, at the flourishing period of the Roman Empire, what are they now under the absurd despotism of the Turkish government? Palaces are changed into cabins, and cities into villages. This government, which is so hateful to every thinking man, has never seen that an estate cannot grow rich but by an inviolable regard for the rights of property. It has never had but two secrets for reigning. To exhaust the people and to brutify them. Thus the finest countries of the earth, dried up, sterile, or almost abandoned, are no longer to be recognized under the sway of their barbarous conquerors. For we are not to attribute these evils to distant causes: civil wars, invasions, the scourges of nature, may be able to scatter riches, to drive away the arts, and swallow up cities.— But locked up ports are re-opened, or re-established, manufactures revive, cities rise up anew from their ruins, all ravages are soon repaired, if men continue to be men.— But they are not so in those unhappy countries where despair, the slow but fatal effect of lengthened insecurity, has destroyed all the active faculties of the soul.

If one were to trace the history of this contagion, he would see that the first attempts fall upon the upper classes in society. Opulence is the object of the first depredations. Apparent superfluity disappears by little and little. Absolute want will be obeyed in spite of obstacles; men must live, but when they are satisfied with living, the state languishes and the flambeaux of industry only throw out a dying glimmer. Besides abundance is never so distinct from subsistence, that one may be hurt without risk to the other. While some lose of their superfluity, others lose a portion of the necessaries of life; for by the infinitely-complicated system of economical relations, the opulence of one part of the people is the only source of subsistence to a more numerous part.

But another more agreeable, and not less instructive picture, may be made of the progress of *security* and prosperity, its inseparable companion. North-America offers the most striking contrasts in these two conditions. Savage nature there is met with, side by side with civilized nature. The interior of that immense region offers only a frightful solitude, impenetrable forests, or timber-lands, stagnant waters, impure vapors, venomous reptiles: such is the Earth left to herself. The ferocious hordes that overrun these deserts, without fixing their habitation, always occupied in the pursuit of their prey, and always animated by implacable rivalry among themselves, never encounter each other but for strife, and often succeed in destroying each other entirely. It is well that the wild beasts are not as dangerous to man as man himself is. But upon the limits of these frightful solitudes what a different appearance to attract the eye! At one glance we appear to take in the two empires of good and evil. The forests have made way for cultivated fields, the marshes are dried up, the grounds growing firm are covered with meadows, with pasturage, with domestic animals with healthy and cheerful habitations. There newly-built cities are fashioned upon regular plans, spacious roads are made to communicate between them; everything shows that men, seeking the means of coming together, have ceased to fear each other and therefore to destroy one another. There, sea-ports crowded with vessels, receive all the productions of the earth, and promote exchanges of all its wealth. An innumerable people, who live by their labor in peace and in abundance, have succeeded to a few tribes of hunters, always placed between war and famine. Who has wrought these prodigies? Who has renewed the surface of the earth? Who has given to man this empire over embellished, fruitful and perfected nature? This beneficent genius is *Security*. It is Security which has wrought this great metamorphosis. And how rapid are these operations! Hardly are two ages gone over, since William Penn debarked upon these savage coasts, with a colony of true conquerors; for they were men of peace, who did not sully their enterprise with force, and who made themselves respected only by acts of beneficence and justice.(1)

(1) It would appear by this, that Jeremy Bentham, and Etienne Dumont, his translator, were exceedingly ignorant of American History, notwithstanding their admiration of America. They attribute the *first* settlement of the country to William Penn—they overlook all our Indian Wars —and believe that America was settled in *peace!* The original mistake was Bentham's: but had Dumont known better, he of course, would have altered the text, or added a note. N.

MISCELLANY.

The astonishing versatility of Lord Byron is just beginning to be understood. Who could have believed the author of Childe Harold capable of such verses as these to little Mary, on her fourth birth day? They are utterly unlike anything he ever acknowledged—and yet, strange as it may seem, now there are continually [illegible] [illegible], and the evidence on the subject is of a nature to satisfy the most incredulous among the most enthusiastic admirers of that extraordinary man.

TO LITTLE MARY—ON HER FOURTH BIRTH-DAY.

My daughter! thou art four years old,
This [illegible] month twenty-third;
And though the weather's bitter cold,
Thou'rt happy as a bird!

A noisy merry little thing,
As ever loved to romp and play,
And laugh and hop and dance and sing,
The [illegible] long winter day.

Thy merry look, and bright blue eye,
And rosy cheeks are all at play;
Come little child! and tell me why,
Thou art so very happy—say!

Is it because thy friends are here,
And all thy playthings strewed about?
Thy all new-dressed, thy table, dear,
With all thy goodies trundled out?

I see thee start as 'twere from sleep,
Thy little forehead thoughtful grow,
Thy little hands behind thee creep,
And hear the murmur, 'I—do—no.'

Well then dear child! I'll tell thee why
Thou art in such a happy mood;
'Tis not because thy friends are by—
With cake and plums and nuts and pie—
Or doll that rolls its fancy eye—
It is because thou'rt good.

[From the 'Token.']

CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY JOHN NEAL.

With Additions and Corrections.

The child is father of the man. Men are but children of a larger growth. How often do we meet with this array of words? Yet how insensible we are to the profound philosophy they enwrap. Sublime and astonishing truths! Uttered every day in our hearing, set before our eyes at every step of our journey through life, written over all the monuments of Earth, upon the pages and banners of all History, upon the temples and the pyramids, the palaces and the sepulchres of departed Nations, upon all the doings of the Past and the Present, as with unextinguishable fire, and sounding forever and ever in the unapproachable solitudes of the Future! Yet heard with indifference, read without emotion, and repeated from mouth to mouth, day after day, and year after year, without a suspicion of their deep meaning, of their transcendant importance, of their imperishable beauty. And why? The language is too familiar, the apparent signification too simple and natural for the excited understandings of the multitude. There is no curtain to be lifted, no vail to be rent as with hands of giants, no zone to be loosened, no mystery to be expounded afar off, as in the language of another world, nothing to be guessed at, or deciphered, nothing but what any body might understand if he would; and *therefore* nothing to be remembered or cared for.

But in simple truth, a more sublime interrogation could not be propounded than that which may appear to be answered by the language referred to. *What are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose; and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows; and there another party, mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly, as to attract every body's attention; while others [illegible] to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs, for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it, as it deserves to be answered. *What are children?* To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation perhaps—'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;' or 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' or peradventure, 'The child is father of the man.' And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having 'plucked out the heart of the mystery,' and uttered without knowing it, a string of glorious truths, pearls of great price.

But instead of answering you as another might, instead of saying, *very true*, what if I were to call you back to the window with words like these,—Do you know what you said? Do you know the meaning of the language you have employed? or in other words, *do you know your own meaning?* What would you think of me? That I was playing the philosopher perhaps, that I wanted to puzzle you with a childish question, that I thought I was thinking, or at best that I was a little out of my senses. Yet if you were a man of understanding, I should have paid you a high compliment; a searcher after truth, I should have done you a great favor; a statesman, a lawgiver, a philanthropist, a patriot, or a father who deserved to be a father, I should have laid you under everlasting obligations, I should have opened a boundless treasury underneath your feet, I should have translated you instantly to a new world, carried you up into a mountain as it were, and set before you all the kingdoms of the earth, with all their revolutions and changes—all future history—the march of armies—the growth of conquerors—the waxing and the waning of empire, the changes of opinion, the apparition of thrones dashing against thrones, the overthrow of systems, and the revolution of ages.

Among the children who are now playing *together*, like birds among the blossoms of the earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air; happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters:—Among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-living and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer and the betrayer of his country. The *child is father of the man.*

Among them, and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices, of another age and of another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search, you would go forth among the little creatures, as among the types of another and a loftier language, the mystery whereof has been just revealed to you, a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the Future was written ages and ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors, with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger flying his kite with his future customers; there a physician playing at marbles with his, here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood, there a Cromwell, or a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the 'old Parr' of another generation, sitting apart in the sunshine and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that 'just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

Hereafter is made up of the shreds and patches of Heretofore. If 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' then *what are children?* Men of a smaller growth. And this happens to be the truth, not only in the world of imagination, but in the world of realities; not only among poets, but among lawyers. At law children are men; little children murderers. A boy of nine, and others of ten and eleven, have been put to death in England, two for murder, and a third for 'cunningly and maliciously' firing two barns. Of the little murderers, one killed his playmate and the other his bedfellow. One hid the body, and the other himself. And therefore said the judges, they knew they had done wrong, they could distinguish between good and evil; and therefore, they ordered both to be strangled. And they were strangled accordingly. As if a child who is old enough to know that he has done wrong, is therefore old enough to know that he deserves death.

So with regard to children of the other sex. At law, babies are women, women babies. The same law which classes our mothers and our wives, our sisters and our daughters, with infants, lunatics, idiots and [illegible] [illegible], allows a child to be betrothed at [illegible], to be endowed of her future husband's estate at nine, and to [illegible]

[illegible] or because they are children. And what [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in England, is too [illegible]. We see with [illegible] [illegible] the judges of Westminster Hall. Let no man say therefore that these are the dreams of poetry, the glittering shapes that wander [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. They are not so. They are no phantoms, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] law.

[illegible] Children. Compiled, they are founders of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Would you govern for the children? [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of children. Would you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with the spirit of prophecy, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. You have but to watch the eyes of children at play.

What children are, [illegible] are. What neighborhoods are, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] upon children with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] their [illegible]. Even with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Yes, of such is the kingdom of Heaven, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops? They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! God!— if the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation—or fling them off with horror and loathing.

What would be our feelings, to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer, or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Bentham, a Napoleon or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his play-fellow's gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, and Madame de Stael? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or puss puss in the corner, with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakspeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Mrs. Clark, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of people no better than we are. But if they had appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while playing together! What a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would have tingled!

Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery, a fragrant, luminous and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular; and perhaps—though I would not go too far—*perhaps* about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind, as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes.— And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world, the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound, not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow-storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where drums are beating and colors flying—in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves, and rejoicing before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fire-works and the smell of gunpowder, and where that is, they are, to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday-afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of green, or a dry place in it; and steal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds, and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or knock-up-and-catch.

Let us try the experiment. There! I have opened the windows, I have drawn the blinds, and hark! already there is the sound of little voices afar off, like 'sweet bells jangling.' Nearer and nearer come they, and now we catch a glimpse of bright faces peeping round the corners, and there, by that empty enclosure, you see a general mustering swarming, as of bees about a newly-discovered flower-garden. But the voices we now hear proceed from two little fellows who have withdrawn from the rest. One carries a large basket, and his eyes are directed to my window; he does'nt half like the blinds being drawn.— The other follows him, with a tattered book under his arm, rapping the posts, one after the other, as he goes along. He is clearly on bad terms with himself. And now we can see their faces. Both are grave, and one rather pale, and trying to look ferocious. And hark! now we are able to distinguish their words. 'Well, I ain't skeered o' you,' says the foremost and the larger boy.— 'Nor I ain't skeered o' you,' retorts the other; 'but you need'nt say you meant to lick me.' And so I thought.— Another, less acquainted with children, might not be able to see the connexion; but I could—it was worthy of Aristotle himself or John Locke. 'I *did'nt* say I meant to lick ye,' rejoined the first, 'I said I *could* lick ye, and so I can.' To which the other replies, glancing first at my window and then all up and down street, 'I should like to see you try.' Whereupon the larger boy begins to move away, half backwards, half sideways, muttering just loud enough to be heard, 'ah, you want to fight now, jest 'cause you're close by your own house.' And here the dialogue finished, and the babies moved on, shaking their little heads at each other and muttering all the way up street.— Men are but children of a larger growth! Children but Empires in miniature.

How beautiful and how strange are the first combinations of thought in a wayward, or peevish child! And then, how alike we all are in our waywardness and peevishness! It is but a change of name, and one trifle is about as good as another to breed a quarrel, or to throw the wisest and the best of our grown babies off their balance. A bit of writing, the loss of a paper with pictures on it, a handful of glittering dust, or somebody making mouths at us, a word or a look, and we are stamping with rage, or miserable for half a day. A cloud coming up when the leaves are at the door, a little bad weather, a spot upon our new clothes, or a lump of sugar not quite so large as another's; and what children we are! How perfectly wretched!

I once knew a little boy, who after sitting awhile, as if lost in thought, turned to his mother and said, Mother! what did you marry my father for? why didn't you wait till I grew up, and then marry me? Rather a strange question to be sure, and the little fellow was but just old enough to put his words together. But compare it with many a question put by the sages of earth. Consider it side by side, with the ponderings and the misgivings, the inquisitiveness and the apprehensions of a great Philosopher, when he interrogates the Builder of the Universe, and sets himself in array, face to face, with Jehovah.

Nay, I have heard a very intelligent person of mature age betray a confusion of thought, altogether as laughable as that of the poor boy. She had been to see a captious old lady whom her father in his youth had once intended to marry. 'And how did you like her?' said I. 'Not at all she replied, 'oh you dont know how glad I am that father did not marry her; I never could have liked her, I am sure.' As if marry whom he might, she must have been born, she herself, with precisely the same sentiments, prejudices and opinions!

Oh mother! said little Mary, aged two years and a half at the time, looking up as she heard a noise, and blushing from head to foot—*I hear a bad smell*—taint me mother. It was an old man in the next house, blowing loudly and suddenly with a cough. Modesty is one thing— [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] another; and this is really [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

I remember a little boy who was a lexicographer from his birth, a language-maker and a philosopher. From the time he was able to ask for a piece of bread-and-butter, he never hesitated for a word, not he! If one wouldn't serve, another would, with a little twisting and turning. He once [illegible] me one day, when I was holding him by the hand, [illegible] tighter than he wished, (he was but just able to speak at the time,) don't [illegible] shake his hand; at another [illegible] he came in all out of breath, on account that a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] along the wall. Upon due inquiry, it [illegible] [illegible] that he was only [illegible] [illegible]. But [illegible] [illegible] to know the difference between white-wash and [illegible]

[illegible] a little laughter, and crying over [illegible] [illegible] Show me if you can [illegible] a greater example of synthesis or generalization, or a more beautiful adaptation of old words to new purposes. I have heard another example of a different fellow for [illegible] [illegible] to him with his lip, and he wiped the affront very clean to [illegible] [illegible] and would not be pacified till the matter [illegible] [illegible] up.

Another, now at my elbow, hardly five, has just been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of a gate, trusting the hand [illegible] to him when hanging what he called swillings, above a twelve month ago, and I never shall forget his eagerness about [illegible] he called the necklace of the gate—a heavy iron chain with a large weight swinging to it—which a woodsawyer had forgotten to replace, after finishing his work.

It is but yesterday that a little boy, being asked by an elder sister in my presence, what a widow was—he had been talking about a widow—replied, a poor woman that goes out a washing. What better definition would you have? At home or abroad, in all the poor widow always a washing, near the door of a [illegible] neighbor—and the chances of somebody who happens not to be a widow—and only with her own eyes the food of her little baby, that lies asleep and half sobbing in her lap? Other children talk [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] that it leaves [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I have heard another give a [illegible] [illegible] to these words to every child that came near, as she put upon a door step with a pile of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pebbles lying before her. 'Ah! I've got more-er than you!' That child was a better grammarian than Lindley Murray. And her wealth, by what was it unlike the hoarded and useless wealth of millions?

Not long ago, while passing through a narrow unfrequented street, my attention was attracted by two little girls at play together, one a perfect tom-boy, with large laughing eyes and a prodigious quantity of hair, the other a little timid creature, altogether too shy to look up as I passed. The romp was balancing her body over the gate, and the little prude was looking at her. On the opposite side of the way were two sweet looking boys whom I did not observe, till I heard a sweet clear voice at my elbow saying, almost singing indeed, 'I'll give oo a *kiss* if oo want one!' I stopped and heard the offer repeated by the shy looking puss, while the romp stared at her with her mouth wide open, and the boys cleared out with a laugh, being too shame-faced to profit by the offer. Verily, Verily, men *are* but children of a larger growth—and women too.

There was the language of truth, of innocence, of unadulterated nature! There are no mealy-mouthed human creatures among the pure. But lo! that child is going forth into the world, leaving behind her the green and beautiful places, haunted with wild flowers, where every thing appeared in the language of truth; and after a little time, with far less purity, she may blush and tremble at the very thought of being kissed, with or without her leave. And the poor boys—once they are to be the pursuers, and pray and beseech, where, but for a newly-acquired and counterfeit shame, they might loiter along by the way-side and be sure of a call from the rosy lips and bright eyes that hovered about their path. Poor boys!

But children are wonderful for their courage, their patience and their fortitude. I have known a little boy completely worn out by watching and suffering, tear off the bandages at last, and looking up into the face of a woman who watched over him, say to her with a sweet smile, Georgee muss die Chamber, (her name was Chambers,) *Georgee muss die—Georgee want to die.* And he did die, with that very smile upon his mouth.

Not many years ago another was caught in a mill. They stopped the machinery and took the wheel to pieces; but it was an hour and a half before they could free her entirely. During this time, she threw her arms about her father's neck, and kissed him and whispered—*Am I dead papa?* She died within two hours after she was liberated. One might almost expect to see winglets of purple and gold, budding before death from between the shoulders of such a child.

The *reasoning* of the little creatures too, is always delightful, and if you are good-natured enough to follow them through their own little demonstrations, without insisting upon the language of a syllogism, always *conclusive*. Take two or three examples in proof. A child about three years of age, unperceived by its mother, followed her down cellar, and when its mother returned, was left there. By and by the little thing was missed. Inquiries were made in every quarter—the whole neighborhood was alarmed—the well searched—the hen-house—the barn—the very pig-stye—but all in vain. At last somebody had occasion to go into the cellar, and there, upon the bottom-step of the stairs, the little creature was found, sitting by herself, as still as death, and purple with cold. Half frantic with joy, the mother snatched her up, and running to the fire with her, asked her why she did not cry—*I load'nt ma*, was the reply—I load'nt ma—*it war the dark!* After all now, was not that a capital reason?—was it not the truth? How many are there, who cannot, or will not cry, even to their Father above, because *it is so dark*. Another child of about the same age used to lie awake and chatter by the hour, after she went to bed. Out of all patience with her one night, her bed-fellow said to her— will you hold your tongue Lucinda, and let me go to sleep? No, *I tant.* You can't!—why not pray? 'Cause it *makes my tomach ache ant Rachel!* And even that child— why do you laugh at her?—didn't she tell the truth? and was not that a capital reason? How many grown people are there who *cannot hold their tongues*—and if the truth were told, because *it makes their stomach ache!* or for some other reason not half so much to the purpose.

They are decided politicians too. A friend of mine has a boy just able to speak. Howrah for Jackson! said he one day, before his father. Why Charles! why do you hurra for Jackson—I am not a Jackson man. Don't tare 'foo aint—I ar! was the reply. A *leader* of course for the next generation—of those who are to think for themselves.

Their childish cunning too, is exquisite. I remember seeing a little boy about four years of age, bite his elder sister's finger in play so as to leave a mark, for which he was chid by his mother, whereupon he stole away to his sister and put his finger into her mouth, and told her to *bite*—she refused—he insisted—after a good deal of persuasion she yielded—harder!—harder! whispered he. At last a mark appeared, a little *dent.* (You understand French I hope.) *Now!* said he pulling her towards his mother—*now*—his large eyes sparkling with triumph, and holding up his plump, rosy little finger, and making up all sorts of faces, *now,—tum to mother ooself!* Was there ever a better illustration of the Thittlewood-plot—or the Gunpowder plot—or of that policy which, here as well as there, makes offences profitable to the informer? That boy was but another Vidoq—or another First Consul of the French Empire.

And have you never, when riding by in a stage-coach, seen a little fellow at the window or the door of a house in the country, crying as if his very heart would break—did not he always stop till you got by—and then didn't he always begin again? with the same look—the same voice— and the same outcry—refusing to be comforted? These are the fellows for office.—He only wanted an augmentation of salary. That was all—and I dare say he got it.

'Ah ah, howra! howra! here's a fellow's birth-day!' cried a boy in my hearing once. A number had got together to play ball; but one of them having found a birth-day, and not only the birth-day, but the very boy to whom it belonged, they all gathered about him, as if they had never witnessed a conjunction of the sort before. The very fellows for a committee of enquiry!—like the affairs of a national-bank too, if you please.

Never shall I forget another incident, which occurred in my presence between two other boys. One was trying to jump over a wheel-barrow. Another was going by; he stopped, and after considering a moment, spoke. 'I'll tell you what you can't do,' said he. 'Well, what is it?' 'You can't jump down your own throat.' 'Well you can't.' 'Can't I though?' The simplicity of 'Well you can't,' and the magnificence of 'Can't I though!' tickled me prodigiously. They reminded me of sparring I had seen elsewhere—I should not like to say where—having a great respect for the Temples of Justice and the Halls of Legislation.

'I say *tis* white-oak.' 'I say its red-oak.' 'Well, I say its white oak.' 'I tell ye taint white-oak.' Here they had joined issue for the first time. 'I say tis.' 'I say taint.' 'I'll bet you ten thousand dollars!' Such were the very words of a conversation I have just heard between two children, the elder about six the other about five. Were not these miniature men? Stock-brokers and Theologians? or only *land-speculators?*

'Well my lad, you've been to meeting, hey?' 'Yes sir.' 'And who preached for you?' 'Mr. P——.' 'Ah! and what did he say?' 'I can't remember *sir*, he put me out so.' 'Put you out?' 'Yes sir he kept lookin' at my new clothes all meetin' time.' That child must have been a *close observer.* Will any body tell me that he did not know what people go to meeting for?

It was but yesterday that I passed a fat little girl with large hazle eyes, sitting by herself in a gateway, with her feet sticking straight out in the street. She was holding a book in one hand, and with a bit of stick in the other, was pointing to the letters. 'What's that!' cried she, in a sweet chirping voice, 'hey! Look ee! What's that I say?—T.—No—[illegible]' shaking her little head with the air of a schoolmistress who has made up her mind not to be trifled with. It reminded me of another little girl, somewhat older, who used to sit and play underneath my window, and [illegible] [illegible] into the kitchen, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by the hour, [illegible] she had a baby charged to the infinite amusement of all the neighborhood. That girl should have been brought to the stage. She was the very spirit of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] about children, their mischief and their [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Captain Cook's more perfect than that of John who discovered America. I have known a child, not three years of age, and hardly tall enough to reach the wheel of a barrow, clamber up the side and along the roof, and seat himself on the ridge-pole of a temporary house, before they discovered him.

Very odd things come to all parents if they would but observe them and treasure them up in the recesses of their children's hearts. When I am dead, father, says I, I'll come back to see you, and you must have all the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] to his sister. Upon full enquiry, I found that he had associated the idea of little angels, that would fly about, with the pigeons belonging to a neighbor, which he had been accustomed to toll from the porch into the back yard with little crumbs of bread, saved at the table. On another occasion, he laid down his knife and fork, and looking up, with the most perfect seriousness and apparent good faith, said— Father I mustn't eat any more fat meat. Why not, my boy? God told me I must not. God!—who? Our mighty Father. Of course the child had been dreaming. I urged the inquiry a little farther. Did you see God? Yes, father. And how did he look? Oh, he looked like— like—[illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] for a single moment, and then all at once he brightened up and said—like a woodchuck, father! For a moment I was thunderstruck —where could he have got such an idea?—He had never seen a woodchuck in his life. Instead of laughing at the absurdity of the notion, however, I treated the matter very seriously, and after a while found that he had been on the watch at the window every day for nearly a month to see a woodchuck, which had escaped from a neighbor, and burrowed under our wood-house, and used to come out after night-fall to feed. The little fellow was perfectly honest—he had no idea of untruth or irreverence—others had seen the woodchuck, and he had not—and nothing occurred to him half so strange or mysterious for a comparison—it would not do to compare God with any thing he had seen, and a woodchuck was the only thing he had not seen, which correspond at all with his notions of the Invisible.

But children have other characters. At times they are creatures to be afraid of. Every case I give is a fact within my own observation. There are children and I have had to do with them, whose very eyes were terrible; children, who after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were as indomitable as the young of the wild beasts, dropped in the wilderness, crafty and treacherous and cruel. And others I have known, who if they live, must have dominion over the multitude; being evidently of those that from the foundation of the world, have been always thundering at the gates of Power.

There sits a little girl with raisins in her lap. She had enough to spare a few minutes ago, but now she has given them all away, handful by handful, to a much older and more crafty child. She has not another left; and as she sits by him, and looks him up in the face, and asks him for one now and then so innocently, he keeps cramming them into his mouth, and occasionally doles one out to her with such a look! so strangely made up of reluctance and self gratulation. And she, poor thing, whenever she gets one, affects to enjoy it prodigiously, shaking her head, and making a noise with her mouth as if it were crammed full. Just as the twig, &c. &c.

And it is but the other day—only a week ago—I had an opportunity of seeing a similar case. A girl of eighteen months was overhauling her play-basket before a boy of seven. She was ready enough to show all her toys, but whatever he took into his hand, she would instantly reach after. Before two minutes were over, I found him playing the man of business, pretending to like what he did not, and to dislike what he most coveted. There were heaps of play-things strewed about over the floor. Among them were the remains of a little dog which had been sadly pulled to pieces, but which the boy took a decided fancy to nevertheless. He kept his eye upon them, and after taking possession, leaned over toward the little girl, and shook his head, and spoke in that peculiarly soothing voice, and with that coaxing manner, which are common to horse-dealers, and which children so well know how to counterfeit when they have a worthy object in view. 'Oh, the pretty teapot! Oh my! Mary want it,' said he, turning it over and over, and carefully displaying the crooked nose, the warped handle, and the cracked bottom, while he secured the dog. That over, he tried his hand at a little Indian-basket, jabbing all the time as fast as his tongue could run, in favor of the toys he had no relish for. A diplomatist in embryo, a chess-player, a merchant, a lawyer? What more can the best of them do? What more have they ever done?

I saw three children throwing sticks at a cow. She grew tired of her share in the game at last, and holding down her head and shaking it, demanded a new deal.— They cut and run. After getting to a place of comparative security, they stopped, and holding by the top of a board-fence, over which they had clambered, and began to reconnoitre. Meanwhile, another troop of children hove in sight, and arming themselves with brick-bats, began to approach the same cow. Whereupon two of the others called out from the fence. 'You, Joe! you better mind! that's our cow!' The plea was admitted without a demurrer; and the cow was left to be tormented by the legal owners.— Hadn't these boys the law on their side?

A youth once lived with me who owned a little dog. One day I caught the dog worrying what I supposed to be a rat, and the boy standing over him encouraging him. It proved to be a toad; the poor creature escaped during my interference. Before a month had gone over, the dog showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and I shot him. Not long after this, I found the boy at a pump trying to keep a tub full, which appeared to have no bottom. I enquired what he was doing, and it turned out that he was trying to drown a *frog*. I asked the reason. Because a *toad* had poisoned the poor little dog.

Here was a process of ratiocination worty of any Autocrat that ever breathed. Because A. suffered, soon after worrying B. therefore C. shall be pumped to death. Precisely the case of Poland.

I knew another little boy who once lost a favorite dog. About a week afterward, the dog re-appeared, and the boy was the happiest creature alive. But something happened a little out of the way, which caused further enquiry, when it turned out that the new dog was not the old one, though astonishingly like. The only difference I could perceive was a white spot under the neck. Well, what does our boy do? receive the stranger with thankfulness, and adopt him with joy, for his extraordinary resemblance of a lost favorite? No indeed. But he gives him a terrible thumping, and turns him neck-and-heels out of doors on a cold rainy night! As if the poor dog had been guilty of personating another! How perfectly of a piece with the behaviour of grown people who have cheated themselves and found it out. Wo to the innocent and helpless who lie in their path! or sleep in their bosom, or inhabit among their house-hold-gods!

But children are not merely unjust and cruel and treacherous, as men are. Like men they are murderers, mischief-makers, devils, at times. I knew two boys, the oldest not more than four, who caught a hen, and having pulled out her eyes with crooked pins, they let her go; after which on seeing her stagger and tumble about, and perhaps afraid of discovery, they determined to cut off her head. One was to hold her and the other perform the operation; but for a long while they could not agree upon their respective shares in the performance. At last they hit upon a precious expedient. They laid her upon the steps, put a board over her body, upon which one of the two sat, while the other sawed off her head with a dull case knife! Parents! Fathers! Mothers! What child of four years of age was ever capable of such an act, without a long course of preparation? for neglect is preparation. Both were murderers, and their parents were their teachers. If 'the child is father of the man,' what is to become of such children? If it be true that 'just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,' how much have you to answer for? If 'men are but children of a larger growth,' watch your children forever, by day and by night! pray for them forever, by night and by day! and not as children, but as Men of a smaller growth, as men with some of the evil passions, and with all the evil propensities, that go to make man terrible to his fellow-man, his countenance hateful, his approach a fiery pestilence, and his early death a blessing, even to his father and mother!

A CHAPTER ON RASCALS.—Among all the rascals in a large city like this, the most genteel are the rascally lawyers—we mean those who, without character, or property, and with little education, rent a room in the upper story of a building, and eke out the necessities of life by fishing money from the pockets of the ignorant whom they prevail upon to embark upon the deceitful waves of litigation. They have the undue advantage over their fellow rascals, and they are rascals of the first water: for what little legal knowledge they possess enables them to be rascals "according to law." An honorable lawyer is, in every sense of the word, an honorable man, and an ornament to society, but a lawyer like those above described, is a disgrace to the side of the community—a two-legged [illegible] and [illegible] sort of human hyena, who [illegible] his neighbor into the meshes of the law, by holding out to him hopes of success, robs him of his money, and then leaves him to extricate himself as well as he can.—*Bost.*

"I suppose, neighbor," said one chemist to another, "you'll give a [illegible] for Mr —, as you did before?" "No," said the other, "I don't think I shall—the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to my mind of his last [illegible]

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL [illegible]

PRIZE ARTICLES.

We would call attention to the premiums for original articles, offered by the publishers of this paper, viz. $50 for the best original tale, $25 for the best poem, and $25 for best article upon a humorous subject, or humorous article upon a proper subject, which shall be offered in competition on or before the last day of April. The postage must be paid, and the address of the writer enclosed in a sealed note. The notes containing the names of the successful writers only, will be opened, and the manuscripts will be at the disposal of the Editors of the Galaxy. The whole will be submitted for inspection to a committee of [illegible] gentlemen, and the award will be made during the month of May. If there are more than two competitors for either prize, it will be awarded, if two only, the manuscripts will be at the disposal of the writers.

☞ Papers with which we exchange will do us a favor by copying the above.

AUDUBON THE ORNITHOLOGIST, AND THE 'BIRDS OF AMERICA'—ONCE MORE.

Among the tough stories—we do not like to say whoppers—with which this gentleman is in the habit of indulging himself, in the society of comparative strangers, are the following.

At Philadelphia, not long ago, he declared that the present King of the French, 'Louis Phillippe,' as he called him, had not only paid the original subscription of his predecessor Charles, to the 'Birds of America,' but that, in a transport of enthusiasm, he had given our Ornithologist, with his own hands *two thousand guineas for two drawings!* Louis Phillippe!—in a transport of enthusiasm!—giving five thousand dollars apiece for paper drawings!

Guineas! said a gentleman who heard him—and knew something of royal munificence in that quarter—*francs* you mean, perhaps.

No sir—guineas—*guineas!*

Pretty well that, hey?—But our gentleman flies at a smaller game. 'From the elephant in the forest to the flea in the blanket'—he is always at home. And *though* he 'cuts a collossus from a rock,' still he 'carves heads upon cherry stones.' To prove this, and as it were to show his extraordinary versatility, he took occasion to declare, on borrowing a pocket handkerchief, also at Philadelphia, that where he boarded, they had the wickedness to charge him twenty-five cents apiece for washing his pocket-handkerchiefs!—His wife was present—and corrected the error—he persisted and gave illustrations—the people stared—but she finally prevailed, so far as to get him to acknowledge, that he meant 'levenpence, Pennsylvania currency. But there he stuck—he wouldn't fall another snake.

At Boston, it was generally reported some few years ago, as out of his own mouth, that having tried for a long while to get his work engraved, he found a first-rate man, who after full consideration, undertook to do it *for one hundred thousand dollars*—Sir, said our magnificent backwoodsman, that is not enough! I shall give you *one hundred and thirty thousand dollars!* Just think of that! said the reverend gentleman who told us the story, and appeared to believe it—what an undertaking that must be, which would justify such behavior on the part of an author!

While at Eastport a twelvemonth ago, or thereabouts, he pretended to have been born in *Kentucky*; and among other frightful stories, he told them that upwards of two hundred sail of vessels had foundered on the coast of Labrador while he was there; and that he himself had seen no less than twenty sail go down, with his own eyes, in one day! Adding, merely to taper off with, as it were, that he had been obliged to walk for miles together upon the tops of trees, which were about four feet high, and as strong as iron. Perhaps he had walked over the dwarf-birch or the dwarf-willow, that grow about four inches high, and spread themselves out like 'tangled juniper,' near the top of Mount Washington; and substituting feet for inches, and the interior of Labrador, for the White Hills of New Hampshire, told the story to the best of his knowledge and belief—he being no botanist, and though a capital bird-fancier, and first-rate bird-painter, not much of an ornithologist.

Now, what if our 'Backwoodsman,' as they still persist in believing him over sea, on the authority of Christopher North—already in his dotage, by the way—what if, instead of those idle and silly stories, which are not true, he had tho't proper to favor the public with a *few of the following*, which *are true*; and which, to say the least of them, are worthy of a place in a much better book than the 'Ornithological Biography.'

Mr. John J. Audubon the Ornithologist, was born in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, Saint Domingo, at Kentucky and is therefore a North American backwoodsman; according to his own story, the truth of which is certified to by Professor Wilson, the editor of Blackwoods Magazine. According to *our* story, he was born *nowhere*—being, like that other *first* man we read of in the Bible, '*created*.'—At any rate, we know that he taught flute-playing and fencing at Natches, a long while ago, and that he lived for many years, in Cincinnati, where he taught drawing, and kept a museum (for another person), was exceedingly poor, honest, industrious, fond of birds, though ignorant of Ornithology; and that he went away much in debt to the proprietor of that museum, *the only subscriber* we are told, in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants, where he had lived so long, and was so well known. How this may be, we would not undertake to say; but this we do say, that a little more than a twelvemonth ago, the young man who had been associated with him in the very outset of his magnificent undertaking, had never been able to see a copy either of *Audubon's Birds of America*, or even of his '*American Ornithological Biography*;' nor even to hear of a copy, tho' he had visited Louisville, ransacked the whole Western Country, and actually resided for years at Cincinnati!

Having a very exalted idea of M. Audubon's *preceptor*, David, the great French historical painter, we took the liberty to hunt up every thing in Cincinnati, not many years ago, which the pupil had accomplished during his long residence there. The following were the results.

1st. Fragments, now used for fire-boards, of two or three large landscapes, in water-colors and on paper. They had been hastily done, and were intended probably for the back-ground to some of the show-cases in the museum. As a whole, they were wretched stuff—with nothing, absolutely nothing of the master in them;—a scene painter's apprentice, after six months, would have done as well or better; and yet there were two or three spirited passages, and a general air of freedom about the space—'all greenly fresh and wildly free,' but the coloring and treatment of the whole appeared to have been suggested by, if not borrowed from French paper-hangings. One represented a number of birds vultures or eagles, we forget which, upon a large leafless tree—thunder-blasted and withered to the roots; another a dog pursuing a deer—the dog worth a dozen of the deer—and distant woods, with here and there a patch of pasteboard water.

2d. A small portrait in oil, which we have had occasion to speak of before, flat vulgar, and altogether out of drawing—about on a level with the first efforts of a coach-maker's apprentice, or a young and ambitious painter of apothecaries drawers, fire buckets, and imitation standards; enough at any rate to satisfy anybody—anybody—that Mr Audubon was a wretched bungler at 'portrait painting, and a worse draughtsman.

3rdly. A head of Paris in black chalk, by one of Audubon's pupils, corrected by Mr A. himself. It was evidently copied from a French engraving; and obtained the prize of Mr A.—in Mr A.'s own school at Cincinnati! It was, to say the best of it, a boyish affair—labored and stiff—and no great things after all. Mr A. never pretended to teach in water colors or oil there—all he did, or taught others to do, was in black chalk, save in the two cases already mentioned of the work in distemper at the museum, and the trash in oil, out of the Museum.

And now, being in good humor with our subject, and ourselves, we propose to give a chapter of our own which may be depended upon, under the title of *Autobiography of John J. Audubon*—the celebrated ornithologist, whose [illegible]

Chapter I.

A young portrait painter, now living in Cincinnati, by the name of Joseph Mason, was with Mr J. J. Audubon from Oct 12, 1820 to the fall of 1822. During this period they traversed the Mississippi together, Louisiana, and [illegible] Audubon's return from France [illegible] drawings were wretched, though he was passionately fond of birds and sacrificed every other object [illegible]

[illegible] day of their separation, [illegible] legs, and used to paint the feet, legs, eyes and beaks of all the birds in some cases, the rest being done by Audubon, who [illegible]. There are about two hundred and fifty pieces in all, every part of which, except the *bodies of the birds*, were done by this boy, between the *ages of twelve and fourteen!* He is only twenty-six now. When he last saw the drawings, his name which had originally been written with pencil by Mr Audubon, while his own was written with Indian ink, was carefully [illegible]. This was at the Botanical garden near Philadelphia—(Bartram's?) where Audubon was either taking lessons of Sully the elder or profiting most [illegible] in some other way, of Sully's fine taste, great knowledge, and most admirable eye for color, while Mason was employed in retouching the botany. At any rate if Mr A. did not take lessons of Sully—he borrowed his *palette* or obtained it in some other way, for a friend saw him with it one hot summer day in a room where young Mason was found painting the legs of a bird in the last stages of putrefaction, for Mr A.

Upon that magnificent magnolia which has been so celebrated, in Mr Audubon's great work, this poor boy labored four whole days in the depth of a flowing wilderness—till he was almost blind in fact; touching and retouching the leaves [illegible]. At that period, our great Ornithologist, who [illegible] who, if you may judge by his language, does not appear to understand what is meant by [illegible] so far as to acknowledge his obligation to the poor boy [illegible] age he has now; for on being complimented by a person at the botanical gardens, who expressed the greatest admiration of his industry, and asked him how he found time to do all these things—he [illegible], pointing to Mason, with a good-natured smile—'that young rascal did all the botany.' When they parted, after two years of such trying and perilous companionship, the boy was left without a farthing to bless himself with, or to use his own language, without 'a single *fip*.' Afterwards, at Philadelphia, where they met again, Audubon, who had promised among other things to be a father to him, and to make his fortune, tried to persuade him to go to London with him, offering five hundred dollars a year and his expenses—he had already been offered sixty dollars a month to go into the gardens and paint flowers. But the boy had begun to have the feelings of a man. Audubon had solemnly promised him that his name should be engraved on the plates; and now when he saw no vestige of the pencil-mark, on the drawings, he began to ask himself why Audubon's had been so carefully written with indian ink, while his, under the sanction of such a promise, had been trusted to the perpetuity of a lead pencil scratch. Nay more—on one particular occasion, when after spending half a day in pursuit of birds, without success the boy shot one which turned out to be a *non-descript*, Audubon promised to call it *Mason's* hive-creeper. This occurred about fourteen miles from St Francesville, where Audubon taught the mama——drawing; and where, in the absence of Audubon, Mason took his place, and though laughed at for a boy, the first day he appeared, was very soon treated with especial consideration. We are told that he kept journal during the time they were together; and if so—the sooner it is published the better.

Mr Mason was in the Mississippi Country with Mr J. J. Audubon, at the very time, when according to the story of the latter he was hunting cormorants. Yet Mr M. had never heard of the story in his life, till we mentioned it before him, with all the particulars, fresh from the 'Ornithological Biography': and this reminds us of another remarkable circumstance. Though acquainted with Mr Audubon for years, and very intimate with him, during the the most adventurous period of the latter life, yet he never happened to hear the story about the rats having destroyed the drawings of Mr Audubon, till we mentioned it to him. According to page xiii. of the 'Introductory Address of Mr J. J. Audubon, [illegible] no less than 'two hundred of his original drawings, representing nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air,' which they took the liberty to gnaw up into [illegible] for a lying-in establishment.

Wilkie, Leslie and a few others, you know, or may be supposed to know, dear public, are in the habit of *getting up* their pictures before they are painted, with lumps of red wax pinched into shape, and rigged out with all the shreds and patches, that one would look for in the *sweepings* of a milliner's shop, and arranged in a little box, which represents a Dutch interior. Hence many of their most wonderful illusions. So with Audubon. For the sprightliness and life-like, though often exaggerated and sometimes very extravagant air of his Birds, we are indebted not so much to an accurate eye or faithful memory, operating with instantaneous and most wonderful precision, but to *springs and wires*. How perfectly *French!*—nay more, of the French *theatre!*—No wonder the writer found it worth his while to drop an anchor to windward in the preface where he contemplated the charge of 'extravagance.' And all this he did *for effect*. Nature, simple, unaffected, unadulterated, untheatrical nature had no charms for this, her most enthusiastic worshipper. Once more say we—how perfectly French! And how perfectly a piece with the acting of the whole nation, man, woman and child, from Napoleon before Talma, and all the time he sat for five whole hours as immovable as the living rock, in one of Talma's attitudes, while the pomp and power, the warlike and the civil pageantry of a whole empire past in review before him, casting down their diadems as they passed and veiling their faces—down to the humblest follower of the humblest theatre, who measures an adversary from head to foot before he runs him through, and though he is left to die in his bed, always turns his toes out, and cuts a pigeon wing before he gives up the ghost.

While Mason was with Audubon, the latter painted about two hundred and fifty birds in all. The former began to work his wonders in partnership, at the age of twelve.—They used to copy every description from Wilson, *to save trouble!* Neither of them knew anything of Botany, and as for Audubon, he is still as ignorant as heart could desire. Mason is very fond of Natural History, and wants to go to the Rocky Mountains with Catlin—a capital fellow, by the by, of whom a word or two hereafter.

The first joining of Audubon and Mason together on the enterprise which resulted in the publication of the great work, for which the former is about to be canonized—in the New England Galaxy, if no where else on earth—was toward Louisville; and the very first thing they killed on the way, was a little wren, which was painted with a quantity of sweet briar. Mason himself shot the huge hen turkey, followed by her brood, the subject of another fine plate and killed two of the [illegible]; she was so large and strong, and he so much a boy, that she threw him down in the water no less than three times before he mastered her, and nearly drowned him.

The preceptor and pupil when together, used to draw and eat and sleep on the same table. On one occasion, the latter was left four or five weeks without a penny, on board a barge at New Orleans—where all he had to eat was a little soap now and then. Of the five dollars each which he obtained from his father on setting off to seek his fortune, with his old preceptor, the French drawing master and flute player of Cincinnati, two dollars and fifty cents had gone to pay the washing bills of both, and the remainder for bread and cheese or whatever happened to fall in the way when he was famished with hunger. Audubon used to spend every farthing he could rake and scrape together upon the birds that were brought to market for sale, and had always a number of hunters on the look out for him. Occasionally when he could stand it no longer, he would mention to Audubon that their money was out: upon which the Ornithologist would start off with his portfolio under his arm and make a crayon sketch of the first person he could persuade to hold still long enough for his purpose [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] On the 20th July, 1821, they left New Orleans for Natches. Mason is quite sure that Audubon always told him that he was born in St Domingo; and remembers distinctly how he said he escaped, and how he maintained himself at New York. A faithful negro, who afterwards became a General in the French army? got the whole family off, in the time of the troubles there by [illegible] *their favor*, hiding coffee in bulk for them, and there being forty or fifty thousand dollars here among the [illegible] Audubon was ordered to New York, where his father's partner was directed to keep him close and [illegible] till further orders—and where he supported himself making and selling finger-rings fashioned of white bone, which he [illegible] with black horse hair [illegible]. Such was the story of the great Ornithologist himself—who acknowledged among other things that he still owned [illegible] near Philadelphia. This at least is certain, that he set up a steam mill at Henderson, Ohio, where he afterwards failed—that he taught fencing, dancing and flute-playing.

From Natches our adventurers went to New Orleans. It was about this period that Audubon [illegible], and the poor boy had to supply his place as drawing-master with the young ladies, [illegible]

But why has not Mr Audubon told the story [illegible] Can it be that his wife [illegible] prevented him? [illegible] and yet the story ought to be told—for the story is true. Mason and he were together and they saw an Indian sitting by a hole [illegible] and eating something which he said was sweeter than honey. They were [illegible] wasps. Being rather sharp-set, Audubon made a trial and Mason followed him. How many Audubon ate, he wouldn't undertake to say, but he himself acknowledges to *one hundred and fifty*, and Audubon continued long after he had left off. They were indeed sweeter than honey—delicious—with a strange but most agreeable flavor. We have heard of a naturalist who used to poke his cane into an ant-hill—draw it steadily out—and pass it through his mouth while myriads of the inhabitants were clinging to it; and the Savages of—nobody knows were, we forget now—allege that they were a very pleasant acid. At another time our adventurer tried *ground hornets*—after killing the old ones with smoke—and found them exceedingly palatable. Once upon a time, while they were wading together, Mason before, they came *suddenly* upon an alligator ten feet long. The boy was so frightened he couldn't fire. Audubon fired, and then ordered him to follow and aim at the creature's eye. He did so, and the alligator made a tumble, plunged forward, and lay there looking at them with his little keen eye burning just above the surface of the water.

At another time as they sat together on a rotten log near night fall, in the woods about New Orleans, ragged, dirty, and tired almost to death, they were accosted by a party of well-dressed dapper citizens after a fashion that Audubon didn't much like. He refused to answer their enquiries, and they swore they would take him into the city.—'Joseph,' said our ornithologist, turning to his youthful companion; load your piece: I'll be damned if you take us alive! The gentlemen stared—stepped back—and then wanted to know what in the devil's name they were about there. About our business, was the reply. Mason has no doubt that Audubon would have been as good as his word; and as for Mason himself, we dare say he would have followed suit, with the greatest pleasure in the world; for having a dispute with his master one day, who had grown rather jealous at swallow-shooting, the latter offered to let the boy fire at him at a given distance. Very well, said Mason—take your place and see if I don't pepper you, that's all! And sure enough, Audubon walked off, and [illegible] his back!—Mason had nothing larger he says, or he certainly would have had it! Like master, like man, hey?

The goat-sucker was also shot by the boy, but with great difficulty, and after a long and most fatiguing pursuit, pop—pop—pop. According to his recollection, the fine creeper which he shot, and which Audubon promised to name for him, was painted with a pea branch, having a tuft at the end. If so, the drawing has been altered since, and so if we recollect rightly is the sweet-briar.—We have no time to refer to the work *itself*. The greatest difficulty he found was in getting the true color of the humming birds and the wild tulip.

The Philadelphia editor of the American Ornithological Biography would perhaps acknowledge if he were pressed that though he hardly altered a word of the manuscript, merely seeing it through the press, he left out passages and parts as a *little too tough*; and that, could he have had his own way, he would have reduced the work to 150 or 200 pages at most. In the last conversation he ever had with Mr. Audubon—we appeal to the conscience of both here—he advised him to *keep his birds*—to salt 'em, skin 'em—anything. Why so, said Mr. Audubon. Others are believed without such evidence, and why should not I? Besides, it would take a wagon and sixteen horses. No! not for new species.—Cuvier did so, and so have others, and so ought you. At any rate, you may preserve head and feet, if nothing more.—We wonder if his conversation was had before the appearance of the *Hinda Jay*. Were Audubon a great ornithologist with his disposition for *effect*—*scene painting*—perennate *coups de theatre*—and story-telling—we should have our doubts with regard to a few species which we are willing—as at present advised—to swallow for authentic. It needs a master to deceive adroitly in the manufacture of mermaids.

There!—we take it for granted that our backwoodsman will not require another *finishing* for many months to come, in the New England Galaxy. But after all, that may depend upon circumstances. If Blackwood gets restive—we shall be obliged to take down the mettle of both at an earlier day, and perhaps in a more effectual manner than we are now disposed to do it.

Scandalous. What has become of the self-constituted committee for suppressing the sale of obscene prints?—Is their occupation gone? If not, we advise them to look into the windows of two of our most respectable booksellers in Washington street—and take note of the most abominably [illegible] print that has been got up within the present century. Under it are obscene doggrel lines, intended as an illustration of the print, as if that were not of itself bad enough. We cannot, for the life of us, conceive how grave, clever, respectable booksellers, can consent to turn panders by the sale of articles which their apprentices would not dare vend for fear of the House of Correction; things they would blush to explain to their children, or permit their wives to look at. We can imagine that they were placed in the window through inadvertence at first—yet it is very odd that persons so old in their business, should be guilty of such careless disregard for public opinion. If, however, [illegible] of these prints is persisted in, not even the lame apology of ignorance and carelessness will be left the offenders, and the respectable portion of their customers will withdraw their patronage from stores where their sense of decency is outraged. W.

Redolent—Twaddle—Deuce—Whopper and Co. In the last New England Galaxy—we find the following phrase from the life of Mrs Martha Washington, by G. W. P. Custis—'The lass was fresh from his early fields, *redolent* of fame,'—that is—'Sweet of fame'—smelling of Fame.—Whopper is spelt with an o, instead of an a;—deuce with a c, instead of an s; and twaddle with two d's, instead of two t's. [illegible] 'My God! I wouldn't have buried [illegible]' quoth Mr George Washington P. Custis [illegible] Washington 'redolent' of Fame? N.

'Six Months in a Convent'—and the 'Reply of [illegible] Lady Superior.' We are determined to [illegible] free from this [illegible] controversy; at least till the [illegible] and then it may require a volume [illegible]. At present, therefore, we have no opinion [illegible] N.

[illegible] On Monday next, [illegible] the Remains of the heroes who fell on the 19th of April, 1775; [illegible] the Meeting House, where the exercises will commence with a Dirge by the Choir. An Ode by Rev J. Pierpont, will precede, and an Ode by Miss Gould, follow the Oration, by Hon Edward Everett. After the services the procession will move to the Monument, where the Sarcophagus containing the Remains, will be deposited in a tomb within the railing round the Obelisk.

If ever occasion occurred to awaken the dormant patriotism of New England, this is one. Party prejudice and sectional feelings should, for a time at least, be laid aside, and all within the sound of the Orator's voice—aye, and all who find protection under the banner of this great nation, should ask, what have we done to perpetuate the blessings in their purity, for the purchase of which, sixty years since, the blood of those men was among the first offerings? Let each ask himself how the sacrifices he is willing to make for his country, and for posterity, will compare with the value of the lives laid down, when all was darkness in the future and the ill-prepared resistance of thirteen feeble colonies, was, to the giant power of Britain, what the Swiss [illegible] is to the Alpine avalanche. It is not enough that we have the spirit of seventy-six—that the names of the heroes of that day are household words, and that next to the sovereign of the Universe, our children are taught to revere their memories.

'[illegible] who so glorious [illegible]
Bequeath a *debt* instead of a discharge.'

If we have received from our fathers the blessings of all others, dear to freemen, we have, by improving them, assumed an obligation, which as men we are bound to keep inviolate, to leave them unimpaired and pure in letter and spirit, to those who will look back to the men of this generation as their fathers; and as we would have future generations bless or curse our memories, must be our estimation and fulfilment of the duties of freemen.

To maintain the character of the Republic, is a task as nearly difficult, as was the first assertion and defence of the rights of a nation. To be sure there are no physical dangers in the way—but in that very absence of tangible and palpable foes, lies our danger. The 'times that tried men's souls' knit them stronger in union—a foe without the camp is a friend to peace within. But in the syren embrace of Security, dangers lurk—the more formidable because unsuspected. W.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

New-England. John Allan & Co. Here is a book worthy of its title—*New-England!* It is a collection of papers, for the purpose of illustrating, which it does in a manner worthy of great praise, the opinions, the habits, the institutions, and the social peculiarities of the New-Englanders. The question of Slavery is well treated here—boldly, calmly and impartially. The writer believes that although at the present moment the great mass of the intellectual and moral worth of the land is decidedly in favor of Colonization,' still 'the Anti-Slavery Society has gained during the past year, and is now rapidly gaining converts FROM THIS NUMBER'—and that most of the moral and intellectual worth of the New-England States is now on the side of Colonization, and although 'the Anti-Slavery Society is comparatively small and uninfluential as to the character of its leaders'—still 'it is advancing with great rapidity. Every day witnesses its triumphs. Every movement augments its ranks. Every appeal increases its converts:' and that, although the author 'does not know of an individual in New-England of celebrity as a christian or civilian who advocates its claims, its *principles* are still gaining conquests over minds of higher and higher orders, and 'it is already a most formidable opponent of Colonization:'—and that—'Judging from the results of the past year, it would not be strange in our view (though it would perhaps be in that of others) if in two years it should in numbers and influence outstrip the *Colonization Society*.' Thus much to give our readers an idea of the general character of the book. The author is undoubtedly wrong—but he is clearly honest, and his book may be read with advantage by all parties. We cannot know too much of this subject or of such men's opinions. The following from Chapter XI—is worthy of our deepest consideration.

THE IRISHMAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

'Patrick?'
'What, your honor?'
'How do you like America?'
'Pretty well, your honor, but it is not like old Ireland; I wish I were back there again.'
'And why did you leave Ireland if it is so pleasant a country?'
'Sure I was a fool; if I had known then as much as I know now, I never should have left old Ireland.'
'Why, what kind of a country did you suppose this was?'
'Indeed, they told me that dollars were as plenty here as berries upon the bushes, and they were free for gathering. I thought I would have nothing to do but to pick them up. But I find I was sadly mistaken. I have to work much harder here than I did in my own country. I wish I could get back again.'
'Well, Patrick, why don't you go back? we could spare a few of your countrymen as well as not.'
'Ah, please your honor, I would go back very shortly if I could afford to; but money is so scarce in this country, I cannot get enough to pay my passage.'
'Do you really, Patrick, want to get back to Ireland?'
'Do I? Indeed I do. I would give all I have in the world to get back. If I could see my poor old father again, I would not leave Ireland till I should die.'
'Well, Patrick, I'll tell you what. I have a ship that sails week after next for Dublin, and as you want to get home so much, I will give you a passage.'
'And sure you are joking with me.'
'No, I am not joking. I was never more serious. I shall be glad to do you a favor, and this, which will be so great a favor to you, I can do with but very little inconvenience to myself.'
'Your honor is very kind. But I expect my brother here in a few weeks, and I should miss seeing him. He will be a stranger when he comes, and will much want to see me.'
'Your brother! what in the world is he coming here for? Has he not heard from you since you arrived?'
'Oh yes, I wrote for him to come, and sent him some money to pay his passage. I was so lonely here I could not live without some of my friends.'
'But how could you deceive your brother so? Will not he be as much disappointed when he gets here as you were? It is not treating him very kindly to induce him to leave so pleasant a country as Ireland and come to this country, where money is so scarce, and it is so hard to obtain a living.'
'Ah! misery loves company, your honor.'
'Well, are any others of your friends coming?'
'Yes, my father and mother are coming with my brother. And I had two cousins who came last week. And my sister with her husband are coming next month.'
'And have they all heard from you since you came here?'
'Oh yes!'
'And you have advised them to come over here, haven't you?'
'Ah, your honor, the government is bad in Ireland. It is a beautiful country, far better than this. I can get a better living there; but the government is bad.'
'Well, you must be a strange fellow to leave so pleasant a country as Ireland and come to such a barren land as this, and after you get here and see what a miserable country it is to write for all your friends to come over. Why in the world is it that so many come? Every ship from Ireland is loaded with emigrants. I should think that by this time they would have found out from their friends here what kind of a country this is.'
'Ah, they don't know; that is why they come. They would be very glad to get back again.'
'Well, Patrick, now tell me honestly, did you ever send word to any of your friends in Ireland, that they had better not come to this country?'
'Why—why—oh—no, your honor. Do you think I would abuse America?'
'Well, Patrick, have not you always told them that they had better come—that they can get better living here than they can in Ireland?'
'Please your honor, I was afraid to tell the truth. In Ireland, they think if a man cannot do well in America, he must either drink too much or be lazy. And if I had written home that it was a hard country and they had better stay where they are, they would say, Patrick has got into bad habits. He is lazy or a drunkard. So you see I was compelled, to save my character, to tell them to come.'
'A very ingenious defence, Patrick. It is a pity you were not bred a lawyer. But any time when you wish to write home to tell your countrymen to stay where they are, I will give you a guinea to send with the letter, [illegible] there are very few of your countrymen in America that are [illegible] than you.'

Such is the substance of the conversation which we have often held with emigrants from the Emerald Isle. It is to most New Englanders a subject of [illegible] where these locust legions of Irish emigrants are coming [illegible]. Almost every ship that crosses the Atlantic [illegible] the stock of live Irish upon our wharves. They swarm [illegible] In begging groups they wander through our villages [illegible] They [illegible] with [illegible] Canada [illegible] We do not know what [illegible]

They are pouring in upon us yearly, in ever-increasing numbers. They come not to be governed, but to help us govern ourselves. They have no property to lose, no character [illegible] They are ripe for fun and frolic [illegible] They fight for pure pleasure. A cracked head [illegible] and a black eye is [illegible] strength is the only test of merit; 'Your honor' to the priest and a fee for [illegible], the only test of religion.*

* And yet, in justice to them, it must not be forgotten, that by far the great mob which which we have had for years was an outrage by Americans against them.

Are not these things true? And if true—what is to become of *New-England?* Our institutions and our hopes! all, everything at the mercy of these unprepared, unilluminated and most dangerous people—the *uneducated* Irish and English. Other foreigners are better, though uneducated—they make better citizens—the course of preparation they are obliged to go through while acquiring enough of our language to render them troublesome, if they chose to be so, is in so much a process *of education*—probation—and *purification*. With the Irish and English, and all who speak our language—it is not so. They are no sooner ashore, than they are ready to commence operations for evil or for good, it matters little which. With our author, we are ready to cry welcome! a hearty welcome to the poor and the honest, the harassed and the oppressed—but hands off!—and at least a certificate of character, before we take them to our homes and our firesides—before we give them dominion over us, and our children, and our children's children, by our [illegible] trifling with the greatest blessings God hath vouchsafed to us—our holiest privileges and our highest prerogatives.—New-England, awake!—sons of America, awake!—The right of suffrage is getting to be a tax—a nuisance—the privilege of governing ourselves, a by-word and a reproach! Awake—or you may live to see it trampled in the dirt, dishonoring multitudes who value it now—never exercised, but in shame or sorrow or disaffection!—awake! N.

The 'Laws of Sobriety and Temperance Reform'—*Elisha Bartlett, M. D.* Lowell. Dearborn & Bellows.

Here is a pamphlet of twenty-three pages, worth as many volumes, of the haberdashery one meets with in our days under the title of *Temperate* Addresses; most of which ought to be called *Intemperate* Addresses.

Dr. B. thinks the friends of temperance are attempting too much. So do we—and we think, though it does not appear to be his opinion, that they are now attempting *impossibilities*; and that a *re-action* may be expected, and *ought* to be expected. They have lost that singleness of purpose which made them irresistible. And now, instead of directing their whole united power against *Alcohol*, as the great Arch-Deceiver, they are dividing upon subordinate mischief, and frittering away their strength, and with it, all the dignity of the subject, upon comparatively unimportant evils. Not satisfied with interdicting *distilled* liquors, they are pitching themselves head foremost into the bread-baskets of all who have to do with *fermented* liquors—or tobacco.—Next we shall have a national crusade against tea and coffee—then against late hours—fashionable amusements—house-hold expenditures, &c.&c. &c. In fact, under the pretext of Temperance reform, they are trying to establish—multitudes perhaps without knowing it—*a body of sumptuary laws*—or laws quite as insolent and foolish. This they cannot do, let them try ever so hard; no such laws can be *established*, in the proper sense of the term; and if they could—of what avail would they be, so long as people persisted in eating too much, or in sleeping too much, or even in talking too much, whenever it pleased them? But enough—we are friends of what *we* call *Temperance*—we, ourselves, took the field alone and single-handed against the Adversary, twenty-five years ago, when it was no reproach for any body to drink brandy-and-water or to have an occasional *high*—nay, when it was thought methodistical and mean-spirited to forbear; but we are no friend of that which is now called Temperance—a solemn meddling with a multitude of subordinate follies or vices if you will, which, if they are ever to be corrected at all, cannot be *so* corrected; and thereby losing sight of the one great adversary—the Destroyer of Nations. Let Alcohol be finished off handsomely—and then!—*then!*—we will go with you heart and soul, against tobacco, and all intoxicating liquors, which are proved to *enervate* in proportion as they *exhilerate*—provided we happen to agree with you in the mode of attack, as well as the subject—not otherwise. N. B. We are no friends to *twattle*—even with a good purpose in view: much less to what they are pleased to call *twaddle*—why dont the blockheads buy a dictionary—instead of trusting to one another's newspapers?

The opinions of Dr. B. in the pamphlet before us, are entitled to the serious consideration of all the *true* friends of Temperance. N.

North American Arithmetic. *Part third.* By Frederick Emerson. Boston, *Russell, Odiorne & Metcalf.* Beyond all comparison the best work of the sort ever published. We have seen a good deal of Mr. Emerson's Arithmetics, little and big, and though in the outset he was largely indebted to Colburn—it is but fair to acknowledge that his improvements are of a nature to entitle him to at least equal praise with original inventors. A multitude of new subjects are treated in this *third part*, and all in such a manner as to render themselves intelligible to persons of less than average understanding, or average patience. No woman ought to be allowed a marriage deploma after this—or even a permit on good behavior to receive proposals, if she cannot tell how much the third and half a third of five and three quarters of *blue* ribbon, with a pearl edge, would be, at three pence hapenny a yard more than her mother gave for that snuff colored satin ditto ditto. In a word, with Emerson's third part, any man's second part, or *first parts* if she is indeed the '*better half,*' would be inexcusable, if, with a little previous knowledge of Addition—Subtraction—Multiplication—and that which comes natural to most women they say, Division, she did not make herself well acquainted with all the mysteries of 'Partnership' of 'Partial Payments,' and 'Bankruptcy, of 'Involution,' 'Evolution' and the 'Extraction of the cube root' of 'Permutations' 'Combinations,' 'Gauging' 'Surveying' and 'Mensuration'—to say nothing of 'Miscellaneous questions'; and all this, long before the first honey moon, with no thanks to anybody—not even her husband. N.

Journal of the Franklin Institute for April. Contents. Address and report on a Railroad from Wilmington to the Susquehanna. Notes on the Theory of Shooting-Stars. Influence of the Moon on the Weather. Monthly Conversation of the Institute. Report on Mr. W. Baldwin's Locomotive Engine. Lists of American Patents for September 1834 and February 1835: with remarks by the Editor. On the use of Anthracite in the Smelting Furnace of Vizille. Report on the use of Heated Air in the Iron Works of Scotland and England. Experiments on the resistance to Vessels on Canals. Copper Sheathing. Depths of Mines. Adulterators of Flour. Sugar Refining. Honey Combs. Errors in Surveying from Refraction. Straw Paper. Russian Platina Mines. Manual Labor and Mental Cultivation. Pin-heading. Remarks on Home. Published in Boston, by Munroe & Francis. W.

London Quarterly Review. *Foster*, New York—*Broaders*, Boston—*Colman & Chisholm*, Portland.—A capital number. We recommend it to the diligent perusal of all whose opinions are worth a fig: the paper on *Coleridge's Table Talk*—especially, that we recommend with tenfold earnestness; not for the article to be sure—that being exceedingly so-so-ish, or quarterly reviewish, but on account of the scattered sunshine there concentrated anew—and entitled specimens of the table talk of *S. T. Coleridge*. The other articles are, take them together, much above the average of the day; and two or three are admirable. N.

La Revue Française. We recommend an article in the last number of this clever periodical to the diligent study of our countrymen, who understand French. It is entitled *Les Femmes aux Etats Unis*, by M. Gustave de Beaumont, who winds up his account of them, which, to say the least of it, is infinitely amusing, with, *Peut-être [illegible] Amerique; mais on n'y fait point l'amour?* Qu'en pensez-vous mes belles? N.

The Arkansas Advocate.—Albert Pike, Editor and Proprietor. [illegible] one of the young fellows who made [illegible] in the Yankee, setting up a paper for [illegible] rather—in the Great Deep of the Western Wilderness. Albert Pike is a man of genius—a poet and a natural, easy, and affectionate eloquent prose writer. We wish him success from the bottom of our hearts—and the more from hearing that he has undertaken to set up for himself as a married man, as well as an editor. His lines on the Fall of Poland are now before us.

'She hath sunken again into Slavery's tomb,
Like a *thunderbolt quenching itself in the sea.*'

Mercy on us! what have we done!—Nobody on earth has more respect for marriage, or sleeping partners than ourselves! But brother Pike will understand us, and his partner too, or we are sadly mistaken. By the prey taken, we judge of the trap—the bait is inferred from the fish—birds of a feather, &c. &c. N.

American Ladies' Magazine. *March.* In the name of all that is not punishable at law—what could possess you, my dear Mrs. H., to publish that frightful engraving? The greatest work on the face of the earth wouldn't stand it. You are too good-natured—altogether too good-natured for an Editor—two gentle by half; else you had flung the original picture through the window, and the engraving after it—nay, the *engraver* himself!—I do not say the *painter*, *she* being a woman though between ourselves, my dear madam, if she is in the habit of such things, the exception would be anything but a kindness to her.

Other Magazines are guilty enough to be sure—but none so guilty; though one or two have narrowly escaped having their skins stripped over their ears, for what they have been pleased to call their *embellishments* and *illustrations*. They were not worth it however—the Ladies' Magazine is; and therefore do we begin with that. The literary matter is entertaining and respectable this month. We have not another word to say.

Mrs Hale's Juvenile Miscellany, No 2. This little work is getting to be more and more child-like and natural. This is what we are longing for. Begin with pap—where Grahamism prevails—if not with *mother's milk*, which he denounces; and follow it no faster than the teeth and stomach of your little one will bear it, with chopped beef or mutton—mashed potatoes—the breast of chickens—clams—india rubber—mince-pie and plum-pudding. That's the way to train a stomach!—Stomachs are oftener spoiled by having too little than by having too much work to do—if it won't go a boiled egg—what is the remedy with we simpletons? Why leave off boiled eggs altogether. What should you think of a person, who, if his arm refused to do duty, should tie it up in a sling *and keep it there*?—So with the intellect—so with the morals—so with the solvents. Exercise them—work them—that's the way to make them healthy, and *the only way*.

'Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy wealthy and wise.'

We should say;

Give them plenty of ex-er-cise,
If you'd have them healthy, or wealthy, or wise.

N.

The Christian Pilot. This is a Universalist paper published in Portland, Me. Edited by the Rev. Menzies Rayner, formerly an Episcopal clergyman of considerable eminence, and by two assistants, the Rev. S. Brimblecan, and the Rev. (?) Z. Thompson—Universalists—bred in the bone we suppose. We like the Pilot very much, not merely for the boldness, cleverness and good-humor of the Editors, but for three other reasons. 1st. We have written for it ourselves. 2d. So far as we are any thing, we, ourselves, are Universalists. And 3d—a puff which appeared last week therein, served to remind us, according to the fashion of the day, (among editors) that one good turn deserves another.

First Lessons in Political Economy, by John McVikar, Boston Hilliard Gray & Co. This is a little manual for the use of Primary and Common schools, and is the first of a series of three works, the two last of which are to be entitled, 'Outlines of Political Economy for higher schools and academies;' and 'Lessons on Political Economy for the use of older students in college.'

The Yemassee, *a Romance of Carolina*, by the author of Guy Rivers, Martin Faber, &c. New York, Harper & Brothers. We have not had time to look beyond the title page of this work. It is on sale at Russell, Odiorne & Co.

☞ Harper's Family Library, No LXXII. just published, is the second volume of 'The Sacred History of the World, attempted to be philosophically considered, in a series of letters to a son. By Sharon Turner.' It is on sale at the store of Messrs Russell, Odiorne & Co.

☞ The first edition of the Lady Superior's Answer to Miss Reed, met a rapid sale—and a second edition of five thousand has been disposed of. We are happy to see such evidence of the impartiality of a goodly portion of the community. W.

STRAWS.

A Recommendation for Blacking. Happening to catch sight of a word which looked rather odd in a Blacking Maker's advertisement, we stopped to read it, and found that the grand climax of the arguments in proof of the beauties of the blacking, and the skill of the maker, was one setting forth that as he was the original introducer of *Tomato Ketchup* into the market, he must of necessity be the prince of blacking manufacturers!

Smooth Cider. A friend of ours has just returned from the country, where he met with the following agreeable adventure. At the house of an old acquaintance, his host was determined that the guest should have the very best his house afforded. Molly 'the help,' made two trips to the cellar before a bottle of cider from the right corner could be produced—and when the entertainer had poured out a sparkling goblet of it, he stood 'with an attent ear,' to hear the commendations which he expected would come of course. Disappointed by hearing no spontaneous burst of praise, he enquired—'*Aint it* good?' 'Why—ah—yes—but it has a queer flavor, I must acknowledge.' 'Molly where did you get the cider?' 'Under the arch.' 'Well there!' exclaimed the old lady, 'if that aint one of the castor oil bottles we had filled!'

Price of Pedantry. But for a King's passion for authorship, the witches of Naumkeag might have gone unhung. King James, as is well known, was an erudite chronicler of the doings of Satan and the lesser imps, and an expounder of the 'Doctrine of Devils and Witchcraft.' At the age of twenty-five he wrote his famous treatise, which upon his accession to the throne, was republished. As a 'compliment' to the Monarch, a new and rigorous statute was passed by parliament before James had been a twelvemonth on the throne. It was under the provisions of the law, that Salem martyrs fell, as well as hundreds in England. James was deposed, but the statute is, we believe, still unrepealed, though a dead letter.

Suppressed. If in the vocabulary of the Booksellers there are words of magic, (and we can account for the sale of some published trash on no other supposition,) certainly this is of them. 'With all the suppressed passages,' upon the title page is a guarantee for the sale of any number of volumes,—nay even the Holy Bible is bought oftentimes for the sake of the Apochrypha. Fanny Kemble's retrospections of rouge and burnt cork, foot lights and finger glasses, will have a run for the reason that if they are not *suppressed*, they should be, which amounts to the same thing.

Writing too Much. There is an anecdote of Dr. Johnson, not treasured by *Bozzy* or *Poizzi*, or inserted in any of the Johnsoniana which we have happened to see. It rests on the equivocal authority of Dr. Walcot, alias, Peter Pindar. 'The story goes that *Sam*, before his *political conversion*, replied to his majesty, when asked 'Why he did not write more?' 'Please your majesty, I have written *too much!* So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.' Very severe, but it lost its point when the veritable conscientious Dr. Walcot himself accepted *a pension* for holding his tongue.

Very Loyal. His majesty William IV. was very well and enthusiastically received by his loyal subjects, when he proceeded to open parliament at the beginning of the present session. But the deuce of it is, that the loyal subjects, were only as one to ten among the mob, for his majesty was obstreperously groaned upon, and distinctly hissed by the majority of the crowd.—A loyal reception, as the words are here used, is very like a 'select theatrical audience.'

[illegible] the independent spirit of Washington Irving, [illegible] help thinking we see a rebuke to his [illegible] [illegible] Sketches, which, whether intended or not, [illegible] to the case of a certain American Author, who [illegible] his native land long enough to become expatri[illegible] has now returned, a genteel beggar. Washing[ton] would not return till his own exertions had pla[ced him] above the pity or assistance of his friends"—but [illegible] remained in Europe for no such purpose—or, if [illegible] in it lamentably, as he has evinced no such [illegible] modesty.

[RELI]GIOUS TOLERANCE. A Turk in America would [illegible]—too magnanimous to spurn the whole Chris[tian] [illegible] as dogs. A Christian in Constantinople [illegible] very charitable to the Musulmen surrounding [illegible] evince no disposition at all to be intolerant.— [illegible] or Christian out of his latitude, as in the cases [sup]posed, would find himself in the minority, while [illegible] toleration. It is a minority doctrine, and means, [illegible] been aptly defined, just so much of privileges as the [illegible] wring from the strong. *In theory*, it forbids [the exer]cise of force to abridge the religious privileges of [any de]nomination: *in practice* it is a forbearance to use [force wh]ere no force can be brought to bear.

[COMB]INATIONS. We perceive by handbills posted a[bout th]e streets, that attempts are making to revive the oft [illegible]ted, and as often abortive experiments, to regulate [the pri]ce of labor, or what amounts to the same thing, the [illegible]. We shall expect soon an union among the almanac [makers] to regulate the weather.

[VAR]IETY. The United States Gazette, in illustration [of the] variety of articles kept in a Philadelphia Ware House [tells a s]tory of somebody who enquired upon a wager for [goose] *yokes* in a country store, and was answered that he [could] be supplied with one of any size, from the neck of a [gosling], to that of an octogenarian gander. There is a bet[ter sto]ry told of a harness maker's shop in this city. A [gentle]man made a bet that no article could be called for [which] the harness maker had not; and gained it. His op[ponent] enquired for *second hand mouse traps*, and found [them] 'on hand.' A goose yoke in a country store, is noth[ing m]arvellous—but wire traps on sale at a harness mak[er's a]re a little out of the truck and harness line. W.

[S]YLVESTER GRAHAM. We have received a letter, [dated] '*Commons post office*, Newport county, Rhode [Islan]d, *March eighth*, 1835'; but bearing the post mark [of *N]ew Bedford, April 9th*, with the signature of *Syl[veste]r Graham*. This gentleman pretends to quote from [a cor]respondent at New York, and to say that he had [had] nothing of the article or articles with which we had [charg]ed him. Now, we don't believe a word of this—for [three] reasons. First because the correspondent at New [Yor]k is made to say that we have taken advantage of what [sa]id Graham said to us—*in our office—with him* [alo]ne: which, supposing it to be true—as *we* have said [noth]ing of the sort, must have come from *Sylvester Gra[ham] himself*, and nobody else on earth! 2d—Because [we h]eard of the visitation before the date of this letter, [whi]ch we verily believe was *ante-dated* a whole month for [a p]articular purpose, a challenge barred by the statute of [lim]itations, like that of Byron to Moore; not that we [wou]ld compare him to Byron, or ourselves to Moore—oh [no]! 'by no manner of means!'—he says that he was in[for]med of the flogging he had in the New England Galaxy [be]fore the 8th of *March*—that he *acknowledged* it— [an]d we don't believe a word of his not looking up the pa[per]s to see for himself how far we had kept our promise. [W]as it indifference?—Then why did he send for copies [—]without subscribing?—They are sent him to be [su]re, 'free gratis for nothing'; but what right had he to [ex]pect it? Our Galaxies are getting to be valuable, and [th]e loss of one paper is or may be the loss of a volume. And 3d—because the New York correspondent of the [sa]id Sylvester Graham is made to spell the word *scurril[ous]* with two *lls*!—a peculiarity with the *Doctor* him[se]lf.—We pause for a reply.

TREMONT THEATRE. The Theatrical week commen[ce]d with a bumper—Miss Watson, Mrs Maeder and Miss [Ho]lman appearing together in the Marriage of Figaro.— [O]n Tuesday night Mrs Maeder took a benefit—on Wed[nes]day Mr Knowles and Miss E. Wheatley appeared in the [Hun]chback,—on Thursday the Marriage of Figaro was re[pe]ated for Miss Watson's benefit. Public expectation has [be]en rather disappointed in Miss Watson, as from her re[ce]nt illness, or some other cause, she has not proved the en[ch]antress that she was supposed, though a beautiful singer, [an]d clever actress. And Miss Wheatley too, has disappoint[ed] Bostonians—they had been led to expect little, and found [mu]ch to admire in the promise of future success, afforded by [ea]rly talent. Mr Knowles was warmly welcomed on Wed[ne]sday evening, and we trust will be substantially compli[me]nted on Monday night, when the 'Beggar of Bethnal Green,' will be performed for his benefit. W.

NOVELS OF T'OTHER DAY—the day before yesterday, at farthest.

Read them now, or run your eye over a page, and say what you think of them honestly. Does it not appear won[der]ful that they ever should have been so popular. There's Tremaine, for example. What a noise it made!—Yet who is there to acknowledge now that he ever liked it—'none so poor to do it reverence.' We have a passage in our eye now. Georgiana says that she does not feel sure that she is beloved by Tremaine, and then, that if she was, she would never give her heart to him,' while she believed that he did not think of heaven as—'

'As what my love?'

'As a man who *sought*

Your daughter *ought*'—

concluded Georgiana (we have put her answer in verse, employing her own language, however, the rhyme of *ought* with *sought*, being un-passable. Whereupon, after a whole page of eulogy, what any parson's daughter must have said in her case, he concludes, 'Behold him (the father) in an instant *relieved from all his anxiety*, by the piety and firmness of the *admirable creature herself*'!

The *self-weariness* (we hate *ennui*) of Tremaine is good; his jealousy of St Clair ditto; his explanation with the father, when the latter confesses that Georgiana and he had been talking together of Tremaine, is *admirable—it must be true*. N.

THE WIDOW WADMAN AND MY UNCLE TOBY [must] not be forgotten by the readers and admirers of Sterne, in this city. Every body who has read Tristram Shandy, needs only to see this group, to forgive Uncle Toby's weakness in permitting the Widow's eye to 'do his business.'— With the disadvantage of the drapery to contend with, all the graceful outlines of the female figure are exquisitely preserved in the Widow,—and the face could not better convey her designs upon the unsophisticated soldier. Uncle is just the good humored, confiding, honest sexagenarian that the reader's fancy portrays him—and, in short, the group perfectly and exactly embodies, the *eye-deal* of the Widow Wadman and My Uncle Toby. W.

A Liverpool Correspondent of the *Evening Star*, wonders why a writer in the Liverpool Athenæum—who the deuce is he? not deuce—does not mention Professors Silliman and *Pattison* among the 'all Scientific writers' of '*American Literature*'. Professor Pattison is a Scotchman, born in Glasgow, (we believe) who came away—no matter wherefore—established himself in Baltimore, became connected with the Medical School of Maryland, where he long played a distinguished part—grew unpopular—went to Philadelphia—was affronted by General Cadwallader— shot him—returned to Scotland—got into the London University—was cashiered with a round robin—returned to this country—and set up anew in Philadelphia as a professor and lecturer on Anatomy, &c. &c. &c.—Why should he be mentioned among American writers? We have not seen a syllable of the articles in the Athenæum, referred to, but, judging by what our friend Noah says, they must be very interesting to some of the manufacturers of 'American literature.' As they abuse us, or our doings—all we have to do is—*tit for tat*—or hit him again blue jacket!—for what else could we expect? But Noah's Liverpool correspondent goes farther. He avers that our *American periodical literature has reached a degree of eminence which theirs (the British) never yet has achieved!*— Bravo!—Bravissimo!—'The force of *puffing* can no farther go—save when the bust of Master N. P. Willis—one of the most agreeable, though least manly of living writers —in the subject. Would that Willis had a little more sincerity—that he knew when they were hoaxing him over [illegible], or doing other Americans—that he had some other up[illegible]

[illegible] [appea]red upon the [illegible] here, who is always [illegible] the tie of the [illegible] distance on the [illegible] N.

IRISH GRAHAM, [illegible] ENGLISH. Washington Irving—one of the most beautiful, and at the same time most powerful—yet [illegible] of pure English that ever lived—says, *like I did*, for *as I did*. And Tom Moore throughout the whole of the Fudge Family, continually says 'between you an I'—there's authority for [illegible] [illegible] W! And what is yet [illegible] for blunders after the follow[ing] fashion, day by day:

'On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On their's is the Saxon and Guilt.'

So with numberless other distinguished writers, it is common to say it is me—led away perhaps by *c'est moi*; and if any says so and so, *they shall be punished*, &c. &c. N.

ALBERT PIKE.—We hope to hear from this old correspondent of the Yankee, now set up for himself as Editor at Little Rock; but—may we be hanged if we ever hope to find time again for writing letters that any body can read; even supposing we should be modest enough to —give up to a *few*

'What was meant for mankind!' N.

THE WANDERING PIPER. The manager of the Tremont informs us that the Farce, written by the Spanish Gentleman, and [translated] by herself—and a capital thing it was, we promise you, translation and all—was handed over to the Spanish gentleman himself, some time in June last. There must be some mistake here. It couldn't have been delivered personally to him; for he spoke of it, just before his embarkation for his native country. However, there are other copies, in other theatres of our land—perhaps they will have it looked up and forwarded to the Galaxy office, if not intended for immediate representation.— We cannot consent to lose it, *for his sake*; and it would require a long time to get his answer from Madrid. Perhaps it was returned to Mr B. or somebody else at the Tremont, after it was 'delivered into the hands of the Spanish gentleman.' And really we hope it may prove so. N.

NAHANT BANK in Lynn has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent.—*Union Fire and Marine Insurance Company* in Lynn has declared a semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent—payable on the 15th inst.

ORDERS AND EXCHANGES. We repeat what we have before said, that we cannot notice letters ordering the paper, unless our terms "in advance," are complied with. The expenses of printing the Galaxy are heavy, and while the publishers are determined to adhere to the doctrine that the 'laborer is worthy of his hire,' they feel confident that the subscribers receive a quid pro quo for their money. To numerous requests to exchange, they are constrained to answer—'CAN'T. Their exchange list is quite too large, and as the Galaxy is not a news-paper, many of the papers received in exchange, are of little or no value.

The Oneida Standard and Democrat is assured that we have no *wish* to cut him off—leaving *intention* out of the question.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

The ship Ontario, Capt. Lober, has arrived at N. York from London, bringing London papers to the 21st ult. being the shortest passage this season.

Advices from Paris are to the 19th—and corroborate the previous advices in regard to the prospect of the speedy passage of the Indemnity Bill.

The news from England is not important. The following items we take from the N. York papers.—*Merc.*

London, March 21.—Consols closed this afternoon at 92 1-2.

By the express from Paris, it appears that the Chambers will adopt a resolution to pay the American claims, by which means a war with the United States will be prevented.

There is no further official information from the theatre of war in Spain.

In the House of Commons on the 18th, in answer to a question respecting Canada, Sir Robert Peel said that he had great satisfaction in stating, that Viscount Canterbury, who had been speaker of the House of Commons for 17 years, had undertaken to go out as commissioner to Canada.

A correspondence had taken place between Sir Robert Peel and Joseph Hume, in consequence of language used by the latter in debate. Mr Peel called upon him to say whether he had intended to use expressions, the purport of which were, that he, Mr P. was pursuing a course inconsistent with the course of a man of honor. Mr Hume disavowed any such intention, and there the matter rested.

A French steamboat had arrived at Toulon which left Algiers on the 6th of March. She touched at Mahon, and saw in the vicinity of Minorca, the American squadron, consisting of a 74, frigate and corvette.

FOREIGN SUMMARY—From the N. Y. Star.

The Journal des Debates considers the four following points of the American claim as incontestible:—

1. The vessels seized under the Berlin and Milan decrees before the expiration of the 30 days necessary for the information to reach America.

2. The vessels seized at St Sebastian by the decree of March 23, 1810, applicable in part only to the 11th of June following, but monstrously made to embrace all vessels from May 20, 1809.

3. The vessels seized after Nov. 1, 1810, the time of the revocation of the B. and M. decrees.

4. The vessels burnt at sea by the imperial squadrons, to conceal the route of the latter.

Besides these, the Journal enumerates two other cases equally valid. 1. Of seven vessels arrived at Antwerp, that had touched in England; and 2. The merchandise seized in Holland.

During the representation of "Joseph sold by his brethren," in a large barn in the little town of Foug, the floor suddenly gave way, precipitating 200 spectators to the ground, leaving the theatre and actors in the hay-loft. The doctor of the village was among the number, but being unhurt, was happily enabled to attend to the fractures and luxations which were the consequence of this accident.

A conspiracy was formed in January to take the life of the Sultan, but was discovered in time to prevent it. About two hundred persons have in consequence been humanely strangled, chiefly artillery officers.

It is in contemplation to erect a gigantic obelisk to Shakspeare, near the mouth of the Thames, to be surmounted with a colossal statue of the bard, and the pedestal ornamented with names of the principal characters of his plays.

The Grand Sultan has established a theatre *a la Européenne*, with orchestra, ballet, &c. complete; boxes for the ladies of the seraglio, &c.

There were 2,[illegible] paintings exhibited at the opening of the annual expose of French Artists, at Paris.

A company has been formed at Bristol, Eng., with a capital of half a million sterling, to open a direct trade to China.

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday:

Messrs. Samuel Norwood, Henry Bass, and Thomas Jackson were re-elected Assessors.

Warrants were granted to the following officers of the Fire Department, viz: Wm. H. Fowle, 2d Assistant Foreman, and Josiah B. Farrington, Clerk of Engine Company No. 1; Abner C. Campbell, Foreman, and George W. Pritchard, Clerk of Engine Company No. 2; and Augustus R. May, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine Company No. 5.

Aldermen Leighton and Lewis were joined to the committee of the Common Council, consisting of Messrs. Washburn, Gibbens, and Snelling, to consider and report on the expediency of passing an ordinance requiring and regulating the weight and admeasurement of Coal brought to the city by water.

Petition of Nathaniel Fanes and others, to have Ann-street widened from Merchants' Row to the stores kept by Messrs. John Simmons and Nathaniel Fanes, Nos. 13 and 21. Referring to the Committee on Streets.

Petition of Edmund Winchester and others, to have a street opened from Richmond to Cooper streets. Referred to the same Committee.

An order passed, directing the bell of the Baptist meeting house in South-Boston to be rung at the usual hours until further order.

The Board concurred with the Common Council in passing the order for the erection of two new school houses, with amendments, and Aldermen Eliot, Greele, and Hayward, were appointed on said Committee.

Communication from the Grand Jury, respecting certain buildings in Purchase-street, and representing them as nuisances. Referred to the City Marshal.

Aldermen Greele, Gurney, and Leighton, were appointed a Committee to consider and report on the expediency of making arrangements to celebrate the 4th July.

Orders passed to repair Broad-street near the Iron Foundry; and that the following streets be paved, viz: Haverhill-street from Cross to Causeway-street, Union-street from Hanover to Cross-street, and Boylston-street.

Communication from His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, stating that he shall visit Rainsford Island during the present week, for the purpose of taking measures to carry into effect the resolve of the last Legislature, appropriating a sum of money to erect a sea wall at that place. Referred to the Committee on Quarantine.

[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]. Horse [illegible] the hope [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Wm. H. [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible]

A Sunday School is building up the corner of [illegible] and Tremont streets, on the site of the late Samuel Hill; it is to be on the French plan and on a very splendid scale.

Tornado at Columbia, Tennessee.—One of the most violent hurricanes ever witnessed in this State, passed over the lower part of Co. county on the night of the 21st March, sweeping every thing before it, killing eight persons, and badly wounding fifty or twenty others.

The Salem Register reports, that the Hon. John Mills, formerly President of the Senate of this State, has been appointed United States District Attorney, in place of Andrew Dunlap, Esq. resigned.

The 'Independent Boston Fusiliers,' under the command of Capt. G. T. Winthrop, will start for Washington on a tour of Camp duty, the 1st of June, accompanied by the New Brass Band. They will pass through New-York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

THE TRIAL OF LAWRENCE, on an indictment for an assault upon the President of the United States, took place at Washington, on Saturday. The Jury returned a verdict of '*Not Guilty* according to the indictment, the prisoner laboring under insanity at the time of the act.'

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Fernald D. Spofford to Betsey H. Woodman; Robert League, of Quincy, to Eliza Robbins, of Roxbury; Admiral Hathaway to Sarah E. Sargent; William S. Thompson to Sarah Ann Amanda Gould; Porter R. Norris to Nancy E. Knights; John Williams to Mary Ann C. Darby; Henry Reed, of Roxbury, to Mary P. Littlefield; Samuel D. Champney to Adeline Porter; George W. Fitch to Cassandra Merrill; George Fuller to Grata Woods; William Edwards Moody to Sarah O'Neil.

At Charlestown, Jeremiah B. Thompson to H. Maria Skinner.

At Cambridge, Samuel T. Tapley to Caroline E. Hunnewell.

At Cambridgeport, Alexander H. Ramsay to Mary L. Fiske.

At Dorchester, A. F. Cochran to Mehitable S. Fuller; Gilbert Blaisdell to Mahala Mann.

At Brookline, Samuel Lincoln of Providence, to Hannah P. Perry.

At Brighton, James Pierce to Martha W. Warren.

At Watertown, Ebenezer L. Proctor to Ann K. Bird.

At Salem, George P. Brackett, of Lynn, to Lucy Manning; David Nichols to Martha Ann Proctor; Horatio G. Davis to Lydia W. Carter; Humphrey Cook to Louisa Beckford; Samuel Pratt to Mary Withey.

At Beverly, William Lord Esq. to Harriet Tuck.

At Barnstable, Isaac W. Frye, of this city, to Lydia Allyn.

DEATHS.

In this city, James Sawyer, 45; John Eiler, 40; Nathan Kimball, 26; S. A. Andrews, 28; Jonathan Fenno[illegible], 47; Alexander Townsend Esq. 52.

At Charlestown, Russell Lincoln, of this city, 43.

At West Cambridge, Elijah Allen, 76.

At Roxbury, Eliphalet Everett, 82.

At Lynn, Mrs Abba West, 31.

At the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, Timothy Billings, of Sedgwick, Me. 20.

At Brighton, Avery Adams, 20.

At Haverhill, Peter Sawyer, 54.

At North Bridgewater, Lysander Howard, 32.

At Woburn, Miss Abigail Wyman, 21.

At Hamilton, Joshua Giddings Esq. 80.

At Lexington, Mrs Susanna Smith, 62; Martha Bridge, aged 47.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 1. Containing "A Tour on the Prairies." By Irving, author of the "Sketch Book."

The Highland Smugglers. By the author of "Persian Adventurer" &c.

The Lady Superior's Answer to "Six Months in a Convent."

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Real Life. Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler, bound in one volume.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 18

SPRING MEDICINE.

SUPERIOR FRENCH PILLS, the best Family Medicine ever discovered, for Bilious Complaints; Pains in the Head, Stomach and Bowels; Jaundice; Acid Stomach and Indigestion.

Prepared after a Recipe of an eminent French Physician, by the Proprietor, D. Andrews Jr. Hingham, Mass.

The Proprietor having that confidence in this medicine that he will warrant it to give satisfaction when it is taken according to the directions for the above named complaints, and will at any time refund the money paid for them if they do not have the desired effect.

For sale by J. A. VEAZIE, Agent for the Proprietor, at No. 11, Broad, corner of Doane street, and by most of the Druggists and Apothecaries in this city.

march 21 islm

COPARTNERSHIP
FORMED.

THE Subscribers have formed a connection in business, commencing the 2d day of March, under the firm of *LEAVITT & BATES*, and have taken the Stock and Stand lately occupied by Hurlbert, Leavitt & Co. No. 16, Union street.

They respectfully solicit the continuance of that patronage extended to the late firm.

CHARLES F. LEAVITT.
march 14—1mis SAM'L BATES, Jr.

EDWARD RIDDLE,
PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE.

No 2 Pleasant street Court.

Or applications may be made at J. L. Bates, Music Store No 6 Court street near Washington street. feb 28

CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS;
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS,
60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square.

☞ Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS.* Garments made to order, in best style. tf sept 20

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets, Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Capes with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,					
100 do	do	do	Plain	do	do
200 do	Medium quality do			do	do
150 do	do		Stitched do		do
200 do	Common do Plain			do	do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞ Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of 12,000 acres of rich land in the town of Worthington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government. Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, up stairs. dec 20 tf

NOTICE.

W[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] all persons having demands against [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for settlement.

ISAIAH WHEELER.
SAML. S. COLLYER.

The undersigned has taken a Manufacturing Room in Market street, Lynn, opposite John Alley 3d, where he will want to employ a large number of workmen and binders on different kinds of shoes.

ISAIAH WHEELER.
Lynn, April 8th, 1835. 3aq april 11

PAPER HANGINGS,

OF various Patterns, for sale by I. RHODES,
Lynn, April 11. 3t Boston street.

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglot Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and common bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to receive orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch.

J. R. NEWHALL.
Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

SIX MONTHS
IN A CONVENT.

THIS day received by J. R. NEWHALL, second door East of Lynn Hotel, Six Months in a Convent, or the Narrative of Rebecca Theresa Reed, who was under the influence of Roman Catholics about two years, and an inmate of the Convent on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Mass., nearly six months, in the years 1831-2. With Preliminary Suggestions, by the Committee of Publication. march 2[illegible]

DERBY'S
REMINISCENCES,

SECOND PART, received by J. R. NEWHALL, second door East of the Lynn Hotel. march 21

BLACK LASTINGS.

JUST received from Liverpool, by the Chatham, a few cases fine, medium, and low priced Black Lastings, and for sale by the package or piece on favorable terms, by STONE, BEAVER & BUSH.
march 21 epis1m 19 and 21, Kilby st.

JUST RECEIVED.

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.
Lynn, Feb 14

UNION FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, IN LYNN,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law and that they continue to make Fire Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk; and Marine Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk, at their office in Nahant Bank Building.

H. A. BREED, President.
ISAAC STORY, Secretary.
Lynn, April 5. tf

REMOVAL.
WILLIAM CROSS, *TAILOR.*

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the shop formerly occupied by Joseph P. Jackson, directly opposite the First Methodist Meeting House, where he would invite all those that feel disposed, to give him their support, that he engages to fulfil all orders in his line of business with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors and a continuance solicited.

N. B. Garments cut and made are warranted or no compensation required.
Lynn, June 28 tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imported Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

YARN, SOCKS.

1000 PAIR Woolen Socks, also a large lot of White and Colored Yarn, Woolen Mittens, Gloves, Comforters, &c. &c., all of which goods will be sold at the store, 1st and 2nd doors East of Lynn Hotel.
Lynn dec 6

LYNN MECHANICS FIRE
AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law, and that they continue to make FIRE INSURANCE, for any amount not exceeding $3500 on one risk, and Marine Insurance, for any amount not exceeding $3500 on one risk, at their office, Lynn Mechanics Bank.

MICAJAH C. PRATT, President.
A. RHODES, Sec'y
Lynn, April 5. tf

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE.

THE Selectmen of Lynn will be in session at the Selectmen's Room, on the first Monday in each month from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M.
Lynn, july 19 tf SAM'L NEAL, Chairman.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, JR,
TAILOR.
MASONIC SQUARE, LYNN.

CONTINUE to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, and in the best style. Having none but first rate workmen, he feels confident that all garments made by him will suffer nothing by comparison with those from the first tailoring establishments in the city. Terms, Cash. All orders gratefully received.

Gentlemen's Vestings, Stock, Collars, &c &c, constantly on hand for sale.

WANTED, as above—A number of small Job Makers; none but the best—to whom the highest price will be given. Lynn, April 12.

FAREWELL CONCERT.

MR. DOWNE, Professor of the Flute, begs leave most respectfully to inform the public that he will shortly offer for their patronage a GRAND MUSICAL MELANGE which he intends shall be fully equal to any similar entertainment heretofore presented in this city. Mr. D. embraces this opportunity of expressing his acknowledgments to the Musical public of Boston, for the very flattering reception he has met with during his residence here, and also wishes to inform them it will be the last time he can have the honor of appearing before them previous to his departing for his native land.
april 11

A CARD.

MR. JAMES G. MAEDER begs respectfully to announce that he has returned to Town and will resume his professional avocations as before, No. 26, Hancock street. april 4

REMOVAL.

MOSES WHITNEY, Watch Maker, informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 1 Dock Square to No. 6 Brattle Square, between the Brattle street Church and Elm street, where his customers may find their Watches previously left to be repaired, and where personal attention will be devoted to repairing Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, for all who will please favor him with their custom. 3mis march 14

NANKIN AND CANTON
STRAW CARPETING.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—

2800 yards	Superfine Nankin,		6-4	
2000	do	do	do	5-4
3000	do	Canton	do	6-4
4000	do	do	do	5-4

1 case German Table Matts, a new and superior article. 4mis march 28

VARNISH AND GLUE
BRUSHES.

BRASS Handled, Varnish and Glue Brushes, used also by India Rubber Manufacturers, made without Cement, and warranted to stand in any composition. Manufactured only by S. J. ADAMS, No 13 Exchange street.
april 4 3w

WANTED,

AN active intelligent Boy, about 15 years of age, an apprentice at this office. april 4

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of

RICH SPRING GOODS,

[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
1 do do do do Plaid do Silk	[illegible]
1 do do do do do [illegible]	[illegible]
1 do do do do do Gros de Naples	[illegible]
1 do do do do do	[illegible]
1 do do Yellow edge Gros de Swiss,	[illegible]
1 do do do do do	[illegible]
1 do do white do	[illegible]
1 do do rich 6-4 pink French Prints,	[illegible]
1 do do do new style French Ginghams	[illegible]
1 do do do do do Gordon do	[illegible]
1 do do do do do Prints,	[illegible]
[illegible] French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from	25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from	3 50 to $10

Together with a great variety of Gimps, Bags, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Lisses, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Worked Blond, Capes, Lace Veils, White Goods, Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by

CALVIN HOSMER.
No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall st. Boston.
april 4 6m

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞ Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her agent, as above directed.
april 3 3m

Operations on the Teeth

DR. I. H. APPLETON respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues at No. 11 Winter-street, Boston, where he is prepared to perform all the operations of DENTAL SURGERY; viz. removing tartar and discolorations from the teeth, restoring diseased and spongy gums to a healthy state, cleansing and removing caries from decayed teeth, and filling them with gold, so as to render them as useful as before, and no more liable to decay than those that are perfectly sound.

He also attends to the making and inserting of all kinds of Artificial Teeth.

☞ PORCELAIN, or INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH inserted on gold plates, from one to a full set, in the most approved manner.

☞ The regulating of children's teeth, will receive his special attention.

Having for more than fifteen years devoted himself to the profession, he confidently believes he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

He begs leave to inform the public that he has availed himself of the services of a skilful and scientific gentleman from Philadelphia, to assist him in his operations.

Dr. A. has prepared and used, for more than fifteen years, the COLUMBIAN LOTION, which has been proved by hundreds of individuals, and is highly recommended by eminent Physicians of this city, to be an effectual remedy for counteracting the pernicious effects of calomel, unpleasantness of breath, spongy or inflamed gums, and other diseases of the mouth.

He prepares also the COLUMBIAN TOOTH POWDER, for diseased teeth and gums, and the PEARL DENTIFRICE, for purifying the breath and whitening the teeth and constantly keeps on hand an assortment of Tooth and Sponge Brushes of his own selecting.

TO STONE MASONS
AND CONTRACTORS.

THE Subscriber will receive proposals until the 20th of April, next, for the construction of a Dike and Pier on a shoal at the north end of Goat Island in this harbor.

The DIKE—founded in an average depth of 6 feet at low water, will be about 1250 feet in length; about 10 feet broad under water, 8 1-2 feet broad above water, and 10 feet high above low water. The part under low water will be constructed of granite stones 10 feet long 1 1-2 feet high, and at least 1 1-2 feet broad, laid in open work, and filled in with refuse stones and gravel.— The part above low water will be faced with granite in courses having a due proportion of headers, and backed with good rubble work. The top course will consist entirely of headers 7 feet long, and not less than 1 1-2 feet rise and 1 1-2 feet width.

The PIER—standing on the outer end of the Dike in a mean depth at low water of nearly 13 feet will be 50 feet square. Two of its walls will be 10 feet thick under low water, and two 8 feet thick—these walls being formed of large granite stones laid in open work, and filled with refuse stones and gravel. Above water these walls will be faced, on one side, with granite in courses, and backed by good rubble work; the thickness being reduced, by a slight batter in front and by offsets in the rear, to 7 feet at the top. The top course of these pier walls will be composed of stones not less than 1 1-2 feet thick, 3 feet long, and two feet broad—all laid as headers. The space enclosed by the pier walls will be filled first with refuse stones to the height of low water, and then with as much gravel as may be required to fill all the interstices. Upon a part of this surface a strong grillage will be laid of the size necessary for the foundation of a Light House; upon this grillage a mass 7 feet high, of dry rubble masonry will be laid, and thereon a mass, of rubble masonry in mortar, 3 feet high.— The space around this foundation will be filled, first with refuse stones carefully packed, and then with gravel.— The top of the Pier (10 feet above low water) will be formed by a pavement of large granite stones.

For further particulars, and an inspection of the plans, personal application must be made to the subscriber, or in his absence, to Mr. John B. Lyon, Newport.

The proposals may embrace the supply of all the materials, and the execution of all the work—or, separate proposals may be made for the supply of the granite— for the delivery of the filling-in stone and gravel—for the execution of the work under water, including, or not including, the materials—and for the execution of the work above water, including, or not, the materials.

The Pier to be completed by the 31st December, 1835. The Dike to be completed by the 31st December, 1836.

With the proposals, satisfactory evidence must be produced of the ability to comply with the terms therein proposed, and to secure the execution of a contract by responsible names.

JOS. G. TOTTEN, Lt. Col.
Eng'rs Brevet Col.

Newport, R. I., March 25, 1835.
april 4

THE CASE OF WM. VANS
AND HIS COUNSEL.

I HAVE had lying by me for some days, a further answer to Mr. Child's last publication. Its appearance was delayed because I perceived, that the inquiry before a Committee of the House of Representatives on Mr Vans's Petition was drawing to a close, and because I felt great confidence that the result to which they must *necessarily come* would furnish a more conclusive answer to all the pretentions of Mr. Vans and his counsel than any thing I could offer. The Committee have now made an *unanimous* Report, which was accepted in a pretty full House with scarcely a dissentient vote. I was present when the vote was taken and saw no hand held up against it. I have since heard that there was one. This report comes too from those who were friends of Mr. Vans;—for I believe it may be safely affirmed that every member of this Committee began the inquiry strongly prepossessed with a belief in the truth, honesty and justice of his claim. Yet like every other Committee which has examined the evidence, they have come to the *unanimous* opinion, not merely that Mr. Vans has no claim now which can or ought to be legally enforced, but that he NEVER HAD *the shadow of a just claim on* JOHN CODMAN, *or his estate*.

This Report it will be seen adopts and confirms substantially the Report of the Committee of 1813. That Committee consisted of Messrs. Lucas of Plymouth, Barrett of Concord, Metcalf of Dedham, Houghton of Barre, and Loring of Hingham. Several, if not most of these gentlemen, were understood when appointed, to be friendly to Mr. Vans's claim. The Chairman was the individual selected by Mr. Vans himself from the whole House to present his petition for that year. Due notice being given to the adverse party, there was a long and laborious investigation of evidence. Their report, occupying four and twenty printed pages, succinctly states an outline of the evidence, and concludes as follows:

Upon the whole matter, the Committee are clearly of opinion—

1st. That the Petitioner has no judgment whatever against John & Richard Codman, as he has set forth in his petition—and never had any judgment for any debt against John Codman, but for costs of suit only.

2d. That the transactions which took place in Dec. 1790, between the petitioner and Richard Codman, out of which arose the two notes of Richard Codman, produced by the petitioner, were private transactions between them, and not partnership dealings; and that [illegible] of the [illegible], in [illegible] into them, made or [illegible] in the name of the [illegible] Codman [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

3d. That the partnership between John and Richard Codman was [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] by December [illegible], before the [illegible] the property in Richard Codman, and that he had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] Richard Codman of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 1802, and that the Petitioner [illegible] [illegible] in France, while John Codman was there, [illegible] with the [illegible] that he had, or believed he had any just claim [against] the partnership.

4th. That if the petitioner had ever had any claim on the estate of John Codman, it has been fairly and sufficiently released.

The Committee therefore distinctly declare their UNANIMOUS OPINION, that William Vans, the petitioner, has no claim, in law or JUSTICE, against the estate of John Codman, and they recommend that he have leave to withdraw his petition.

JOSEPH LUCAS,
JOS BARRETT,
THERON METCALF,
NATH HOUGHTON,
THOS. LORING.

This Report was the subject of Mr. Child's severe animadversion in the Review which he invites me to attack. Every species of error and misrepresentation is there charged upon the report, and counter statements and counter arguments are brought forward by Mr Child, placing the two pamphlets in the most direct and formal opposition. If *one* is in any degree correct, it is certain that the other must be grossly and totally erroneous. Indeed so absolutely opposed are these two pamphlets in their respective representations of the case, that Mr. Child himself proceeds upon the supposition that *honest difference* of views and opinion cannot account for it. The Review therefore distinctly charges one member of the Committee, who was understood to have drawn up the report, with wilful and corrupt misstatements and omissions, made for the very purpose of injuring the cause and character of Wm. Vans, while the other members are considered so totally incompetent to the duties of their station, or so negligent in the discharge of those duties, as to have signed their names to the paper without knowing or regarding its contents. Following up the suggestions in this Review the last petition of William Vans specifies no *less than thirty-three* supposed errors in the report of the former Committee, all [illegible] as most material to the case. Thus it will be seen that not only the case of William Vans, but *the case of his counsel also*, was on trial before the last committee; for the accuracy of Mr. Child's pamphlet, as well as of the report which it purported to contradict and discredit, was necessarily involved in the inquiry. The late Committee have not found that there was any material error in the Report of their predecessors; on the contrary, after a full and complete re-examination of the evidence, under circumstances most favorable to Mr. Vans, they deliberately ratify and confirm the truth of that Report. And in so doing they also in effect convict Mr. Child of those manifold and gross errors, misstatements and false reasonings, which, as I have formerly stated, seemed to me to compose the great bulk of his pamphlet. Such is the judgment of others on a work which Mr. Child himself seems to consider *invulnerable*, and which so invites me to show up to the public. Perhaps the public will now be of opinion that I may fairly consider myself absolved from that uncomfortable labour.

Perhaps too even the friends of Mr. Vans may now be compelled to believe, that there is no truth or justice in his claim, notwithstanding the heirs of John Codman will not *consent* to a jury trial. For the Committee, which has now reported was composed wholly of *friends to the Petition*. The Respondent's counsel waived at the outset all technical grounds of defence, and invited the fullest examination of the *facts*, agreeing before hand that the Petitioner's counsel might put in as evidence *any thing* which he should choose to offer, whether sworn to or not sworn to, authenticated or not, fact or opinion, direct testimony or hearsay,—even rumour, and the statements of the Petitioner himself were not excluded.— Moreover all the Account Books of John and Richard Codman, and all the separate books of either of them known to exist were produced and offered to the inspection of the Committee, together with all documents in the Respondent's possession called for by the other party, or deemed by themselves material to the inquiry.— The Committee were occupied *several weeks* in the actual hearing and examination of all that either party had to offer. Consequently there was a latitude of inquiry and minuteness of investigation, which would be totally impracticable before a jury. With these remarks I now publish an attested copy of the Report of the last Committee. W. H. GARDINER,

Counsel for the heirs of John Codman.

April 11, 1835.

REPORT OF THE LAST COMMITTEE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

House of Representatives, April 7th, 1835.

The Committee to whom was referred the petition of Wm. Vans, praying that the law limiting the time within which suits can now be brought against Executors and Administrators may be suspended for his benefit, have attended to the duty assigned them, and

REPORT:

That they have given an attentive and patient hearing to all the documents and testimony offered by the Petitioner, and by the Respondent, including much matter which would not be considered legally admissible in evidence in any Court of Law or Equity.

That during the examination, several calls were made upon the Respondent by the Petitioner for various documents supposed by him to be in the possession of the Respondent; that these documents were promptly produced, and that *every facility was given by the Respondent to the fullest and most searching enquiry* into every circumstance connected with the origin of Mr. Vans's alleged claim upon him.

That after a thorough investigation, they have *unanimously* arrived at the following conclusions:

First—That the Report of a Committee of the House of Representatives dated March twenty-first, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, upon a former petition of said Vans, is not as said Petitioner alleges, "incorrect, deficient and inconsistent in many most material points of his case—exceedingly erroneous, and doing without any just cause, the utmost injury both to his claim and his character." On the other hand your Committee find that said Report contains *a fair and substantially correct statement of the claim of said Vans*, and *of all the material facts in his case*, and that a few unimportant and apparently accidental errors in said Report do not in anywise affect or have any bearing upon the conclusions of the committee aforesaid.

Your committee had before them additional evidence, which was not submitted to the authors of that Report but this evidence did not essentially vary the views exhibited in said Report; its whole tendency was to confirm and sustain those views.

Thus much your Committee feel called upon to say, because the Petitioner in laying his case before the Legislature has chosen to rest in a great measure upon certain supposed errors which he alleges to exist, and to be material in the Report of a Committee who seem to the undersigned to have performed an arduous and a thankless task with signal ability, fidelity and impartiality.

Second—Your Committee do not find that William Vans EVER HAD *any just claim or demand against the firm of John and Richard Codman*. No judgment in his favor, for such a demand, against said John and Richard as copartners has been produced before your Committee, nor is there any reason to believe that any such judgment exists, nor is there reason to believe said Vans ever loaned to the house of John and Richard Codman, as he alleged in his petition, any stock, notes or other available funds whatever.

Third—There is no reason to believe that JOHN CODMAN at the time of his decease or for the space of five years previous to his decease, was *indebted to said Vans in any sum whatever*, unless it be a *few francs* for costs of Court, for which security was given by *one Rabal*, and which may or may not have been paid by him. But it *does appear* on the other hand, that long after the transactions out of which the petitioner alleges that his claim *grew*, SAID VANS WAS INDEBTED TO JOHN CODMAN in *the amount of a Bill for one hundred pounds sterling with costs and damages thereon*, which indebtedness said Vans did not deny, nor did he allege any demand of his own against John Codman, or the firm of John and Richard Codman, as an offset thereto, when payment for said bill was demanded of him by John Codman.

Fourth—It does appear that said Vans had at one time large claims against RICHARD CODMAN, *arising subsequently to the dissolution of the partnership of* JOHN AND RICHARD CODMAN. That he recovered sundry judgments in France against said *Richard*, on account of said claims, which judgments have been *in part satisfied*; but *whether any*, and if any, what part of the same remains *unsatisfied*, your Committee have not been informed by any evidence before them.

Fifth—The said Richard *was discharged under the bankrupt law of the United States from all claims against him, including any claim which said Vans then held against him*.

Sixth—After the death of said Richard, his estate was administered upon by the Respondent, (Stephen Codman;) said Vans was within the *Commonwealth*, and *under no legal incapacity to sue*, for a long time before any claim which he may have had against the estate of Richard Codman could have been barred by the statute of limitations. No reason was shown to the Committee why he did not bring his suit against the respondent, before it was barred by the statute, if he had any legal and equitable claim against the estate of said Richard.

Seventh—The said Vans *voluntarily and on his own proposal*, and for a good consideration, has executed *a full and unqualified release of all claims against the estates of John and Richard Codman*.

For these reasons the Committee are of the UNANIMOUS OPINION, that the prayer of the petition submitted to them ought not to be granted; and recommend that the petitioner have leave to withdraw his petition.

(Signed) ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr.
JOHN L. DIMMOCK,
MOSES EDGELL,
RALPH SMITH,
SAMUEL LEE.

House of Representatives, April 7th, 1835.

Read and accepted.

L. S. CUSHING, Clerk.

A true copy from the files of the House of Representatives.

Attest. L. S. CUSHING, Clerk.

MISCELLANY.

[From Hood's Comic Annual.]

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Poets are here with spectral spears to shake the skies, and scare with a gaseous blaze."—[Blackwood.]

"Poets are here with the stage as their scene, and heaven with silver saps."—[Blackwood.]

Who raised me one I was born,
Bold every nerve, grave or corn,
And left the coast bare forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was so mean,
And physicked me, and made me wean,
Till scarcely human a mere?
My Grandmother.

Who left me, in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the mortician?
My Father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home, and made me work,
Not managed half my meals to skirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made us feel my post
My Uncle.

Was not in scrapes as ever were seen,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run for and wide?
My Stepmother.

'—— slumber again joys,
Who marred ... ,
And when I played, cried, "What a noise!
Girls always become over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to have in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had"—
But at the stall the coin was had?
My Godfather.

Who gratis shared my social glass,
Who ... came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy my sole relief?
Myself.

DISCOVERY OF A SINKING VESSEL.

DRUNKEN FRENZY.

The Eddystone light was just dripping on the verge of the horizon, when the bright flash of a gun was seen broad on her starboard bow, which was quickly succeeded by another. Old Blowhard had the watch, and it was immediately reported to the Captain "Can you make out any thing with your glass, Master?" inquired the skipper. "No Sir," returned the old man, "nor have we heard the reports, which makes me think it must be some vessel in distress. "What rate is she travelling at, Mr. Blowhard?" asked the Captain. "The mate of the watch has just hove the log, Sir," replied the master, "and she was going eight and half; but I'm thinking, Sir, with a head sea, we cannot give her more than eight knots." "By hauling up a point or two, it will throw us more to the windward, certainly," said the Captain, speaking to himself, "and if there are fellow creatures in danger, it would be cruel to leave them to perish. Still, my orders are positive not to be turned out of my course for any thing. Do you really suppose, Mr. Blowhard, that it is some craft in distress?" "It is not possible for any man to say for sartin," answered the Master, "but I've been all my life upon the ocean, Sir, and it seems to me as if the Creator had given the creatures he designs shall witness his wonders on the deep a natural instinct to discover many things that are not revealed to the outward eye; and so, when I saw the flashes, it seemed to strike my mind that they came from one who needed a friend." "Haul up in the direction, Master," said the captain; "I'll be on deck directly." "Aye, aye, Sir," replied the old man; "we shall soon make out what it is." He closed the cabin-door and ascended to the deck. "The watch trim sails—starboard cat-head there! have you seen any more flashes?" "Yes Sir," answered the man, "and there seems to be a sail in that direction." ,Why, where else should a flash come from, you lubber?' grumbled the master. 'you may run upon that course till the card of the compass rises itself end for end, and never touch a bit of land large enough to grow a gooseberry bush! Brace up the yards?' he vociferated through his speaking trumpet; 'get a pull of the main and fore sheets; trim the jib there, forad! and after-guard, haul in the boom sheet. Port, boy—port a little.' 'Port it is, Sir,' replied the man, putting the tiller to leeward: 'shall I bring her to the wind, Sir?' 'Yes, luff her up, boy! full and by; remember me to let her walk. Forad, there! steady the weather leeches by the bow-lines—taut d'ye hear? Keep a good look-out before for the stranger, and don't let your eyes get plugged up with your night-caps.' At this moment the Captain made his appearance on the quarterdeck. 'We must have the hands up, Mr. Blowhard; for if we hug the wind, we shall want another reef in the topsails. Quartermaster, how does she head?' 'W. N. W. Sir, clean cap full,' answered the man; 'and I just seed a flash about a point to loard of the bowsprit end.'

The hands were turned up; every soul took his station; and as mine was on the forecastle, I directed my eager gaze towards the point where the stranger was supposed to be; but I could make out nothing, so very dark was the night. The top-gallant masts were bending like coachwhips, and the sweet little brig was dashing along the seas, and throwing aside the waters like a grampus in sport. 'Do you see any thing of the stranger, forad?' hailed the Captain. 'No, Sir,' replied I; but at the very moment I had answered, another bright flash broke out of the gloom, and a heavy report of a gun came sullenly booming over the dark waters, and was borne away to the leeward on the gale. 'There's another gun!' I exclaimed, 'and she must be about a point and a half under our lee, as we are heading now.' 'Keep her W. b. N.' cried the Captain to the helmsman; 'Mr. Derrick, let them give a foot or two of the sheets.' The brig felt the freedom she was enjoying, and bounded away at a more rapid pace. 'Man the fore and main clew garnets, and the t'gallant clew lines,' continued the skipper; 'and before the watch is called again, Mr. Derrick, we'll double reef the topsail. A good look-out, before, there!'

The 'aye, aye, Sir,' had scarcely been uttered, when I discovered a dark log-like object, occasionally appearing and disappearing as it rose on the summit of the sea, or sank into the hollows between the rolling waves; it laid directly a head of us, and we neared it so rapidly, that I had barely time to sing out 'up with the helm—keep her away!' and have the order obeyed, before we had shaved the hull of a large vessel so close that our weather-quarter was struck by the stump of its bowsprit—the only remnant of a spar they had left standing. The shock staggered us for a moment or two; but the Captain's voice shouting 'up courses—in top-gallant sails—square away the main yard,' aroused the people; the sails were reduced, and the brig came up to the wind on the starboard tack; but having ranged a considerable distance away from the stranger, we wore round, and passed under his lee. 'Ho, the ship a-hoy!' hallooed the Captain. 'Halloo!' was the response. 'From whence came you?' inquired the skipper. 'From Goree, on the coast of Africa,' was the reply.—'Where are you bound to?' continued the Captain; 'mind your weather-helm, boy, she's running up into the wind's eye. Where are you bound to?' 'To the bottom, unless you'll take us aboard,' answered the person addressed; 'our hold is filling fast, one of the pumps is choked, and the men are completely worn out.' 'Hoist the boats out, Mr. Derrick, and come aft here, and lower the jolly boat down,' said the Captain. The orders were promptly obeyed, and I was directed to hail the stranger and act accordingly to circumstances. There is something peculiarly affecting in viewing a manless vessel, rolling her heavy sides to the weight of the sea, with nothing clad to guide her; it is a melancholy spectacle, awakening the most painful emotions in the mind of the seaman; and I felt it so when I had reached her deck, and found the sky every where above me without a rope yarn to checkee the dreary monotony of the blackened decks that flew noiselessly on the wings of the wind. The sea hung over the deserted vessel on the rolled her gunwales in, and the phosphoric light of the salt water glittered like a thousand stars, as if the waves in mockery would array their visitor in bright gems previous to the sacrifice. Yet what a stranger transpired to pass? In the midst of this devastation, while the grim king of terrors was threatening to break the last plank of time to many a hapless being, the man who, above all, should have retained his

[illegible]

The same inducement was that here urged upon the Captain, [illegible] they had taken the same, if [illegible] a valuable cargo of ivory, consisting of [illegible] (I forget the name) and it appears, had [illegible] ship, with their assistance, [illegible] "And is there no chance of getting her?" said I, [illegible] "Chance! why, what do you mean? [illegible] you in the hold? A hatchet here, my lads, and [illegible] hold with it.' 'Ho of no manner of use, Sir,' replied the mate, 'Hatchet for a moment, and you'll make the water she's now her damp, if you are skilled in the dreadful science of a sinking ship.' There certainly was something extremely appropriate in the mate's remark, for the struggling of the water against the pent-up wind in the hold did produce sounds like the groans which may be supposed to proceed from a strong giant in the last convulsive pangs of expiring existence. Nevertheless I was determined to examine into the state of the vessel myself, as I had heard much of the tricks employed to cheat the underwriters, though in the present instance there certainly was nothing to lead my one to the least suspicion but that the whole had been caused by the violence of the weather, to which also might be added the neglect of the mariner, through continued habits of intemperance. Calling Peters to my side with a lantern, I went down below, had the hatches removed, and found the hold first filling from the pumps having been totally deserted 'Well, I'm blessed, Mr. Oldpink,' said Peters, 'but I should like to get a little gold dust, for they tell me its a capital thing to clean teeth with; and, talking about teeth, my dear eyes, do look at those elephant's tusks and 'what not,' no Mr. Warner would say. Aren't it a pity they should all go to the bottom? Well, I'm blowed, if old Davy won't have enough in his locker to set up a dentist's shop for whales, and such like; and there's some on 'em big enough for the lantern of the North Cape. Do, pray, sir, let me take half a dozen aboard for Mr. Blowhard he's rather short of ivories, and I could pick 'em out just to fit his jaw?' 'Be silent, Peters,' said I, 'and attend to your duty; this is no time for cracking your jokes!—see the water stops fast. Away there on deck and all of you, and bear a hand into the boats.' I soon became sensible of the utter impossibility of saving the ship, and therefore directed the whole of my attention to the preservation of the men, especially as the greater part of them were more or less in a state of intoxication, and, with the characteristic recklessness of sailors, were getting up their bags, instead of thinking about the immediate danger that surrounded them. I had not seen the master, but descending the companion, I entered a very handsome cabin panelled with mahogany, against which the bright cutlasses, bayonets and pistols were arranged in exact and pretty order; a noble pier glass was affixed to the rudder case, and the curtains of the bed places as well as those of the stern windows were tastefully festooned with green silk. The master was on his knees scrambling against the bulk head, (and receiving many a severe bruise, as the heavy vessel rolled,) endeavouring to get hold of one of the numerous weapons, and at the same time muttering blasphemous curses against himself, his men, and even his Creator. He had contrived to pull down a bayonet which laid him on the deck; the point having become fixed in the timber, which occured it from fetching away. I directed some of the people to remove him upon deck, but he grasped the bayonet and tried to raise himself up, swearing, 'No d——d man-of-war's man should usurp his authority,' and that his men were a set of mutinous dogs, who had deserted him;' he then called to the mate and ordered him 'to hoist the jack forad for a pilot.' To reason with a wretched creature in his state was useless, and therefore I had him seized and carried up the companion. Nothing could exceed the horror of his look when the light from the lantern flashed upon his face, and, supported by two men who seated him on the sky light, he beheld his vessel—that beautiful creature which a few hours before stemmed the waves in grandeur—now a complete wreck; it sobered his reason for the moment, but only for the moment; a yell of bitter anguish escaped him, and reason took her flight; for he became a perfect madman, and his ravings were dreadful to hear whilst the violence of his paroxysms rendered it very difficult to hold him fast. Under all circumstances I did not think it prudent to secure his armsand legs by lashings, as, in case of accident, he would have been entirely deprived of his powers of self-assistance; but I determined to pinion him the moment we had got away from the ship, as his unceasing struggles might endanger the safety of the whole; but his own conduct rendered my intentions unavailing. I was holding on at the gangway and hurrying the ship's crew into the boats, when a cry from Peters aroused my attention, and, turning my head a little, the wind, from a heavy blow aimed with a handspike, came rushing down upon me, and the next instant the maniac master, overpowered with the force of his own exertions, and missing the resistance which he would have met with had his design taken effect, darted over the side headforemost into the sea—the roll of the ship throwing him beyond the boat that laid alongside. Every exertion was made to save him, but without avail; he rose after a short distance, as we could judge by the commotion in the water, and disappeared for ever. The spectacle that had just been witnessed rendered the ship's crew more tractable, and, after some difficulty, I got them all into the boats except one man who could not be found, and it was conjectured he had fallen into the hold and been drowned; but after we had shoved off we could hear the most piercing shrieks, and I was about to put back when the heavy mass rolled into the sea, an explosion like the discharge of artillery succeeded, and the following wave curled its head unburthened—she had gone down. We were soon on board the sloop, the boats were hoisted in, and the brig kept S. W. with as much canvass as she could stagger under, and by day-light we were well in with Ushant, running at the rate of ten knots an hour.

REMOVAL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

GEORGE W. EDMANDS respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 47, Cambridge street, and taken one of those commodious stores under the American House, No. 40, Hanover street, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a large assortment of HATS, CAPS, &c. &c. which will be sold at the lowest prices, consisting of gentlemen's, youths' and children's FUR HATS, of every description and quality, and of the most fashionable patterns;

SATIN BEAVER HATS,

of this city and New York manufacture, warranted equal to any made in the United States.

CAPS of every description and quality, and variety of patterns, consisting of Cloth, Merino, Velvet, Leather, Hair Cloth, &c.

Palm Leaf HATS, of every description and quality.

UMBRELLAS and GLOVES.—Silk and Gingham Umbrellas, of different quality—buck, doe, beaver and kid Gloves.

☞G. W. E. would invite those in the city and from the country in want of any of the above articles, by the dozen or otherwise, to call and examine for themselves.

N. B.—Hats made to order at short notice.

☞Cash paid for Shipping Furs. 6t april 11

FRENCH SHOES.

THE Subscriber has for the last five or six years paid considerable attention to the French Shoes of Esto's make. All that have given them a fair trial give them the preference, because they wear best and do not stretch as much, and possess all of the ease and comfort that is peculiar to Esto's shoes. As the foot is dependent on the form of the shoe for its good shape, misses' and children's shoes will be particularly attended too, and made by the best workmen. Now for sale—Morocco, Kid, Calf-skin, Prunella, Satin, Seteen and Bronze Kid Slippers; Morocco and Calf-skin, Grecian ties thick Soles; Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles; kid slips thick Soles; fur lined Shoes, thin and thick Soles; misses' and children's Calf-skin, Grecian ties, thick Soles; Kid, Morocco, Calf-skin and Bronze, Kid Slippers; Bronze, Green and Black, Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles. Ladies', misses' and children's Boots and Shoes made to order. JOHN KIMBALL, 24, 128, Tremont, 5 doors from Court-street, Boston. march 14

CIDER.

350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by HOLBROOK & MOODY, No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st. Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above ☞Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 2m march 7

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS, *PROMPTLY EXECUTED* AT THE BEACON BILL AT THE GALAXY OFFICE, No 28 Court Street, Boston.

WAREHOUSE.

[illegible]

Table Cloth.
Damask Table Cloths, from 2-4 to 10-4, quality of which we offer low, with Napkins and Doilies to match.

Table Napkins.
Fine Table Napkins and Doilies; extra fine embroidered Linen Doilies; do Napkins; fine French Towels; variety of colored Doilies.

Worsted Cloths.
3 cases elegant worsted Table Cloths, variety of colors, sizes from 4-5 to 10-4; 5-4 by 8-4 worsted and cotton work table Cloths; extra fine worsted Piano Covers; Russia, Irish and Scotch Toweling, of fine quality.

Irish and Scotch Cloth.
Superior 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Irish and Scotch Double Damask; white Marseilles Tufted Covers best Marseilles Quilts, sizes from 10-4 to 16-4.

American Cotton.
Best quality 7-8, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 American Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings.

Blankets.
Extra fine double and single Blankets; Crib do. Comforts.

Linen Lawns and Linen Cambrics.
Linen Cambric Hdkfs. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Hdkfs. of every which are fine throughout, plain and wrought corners, gentlemen's 4-4 extra fine white & colored bordered.

Flannels.
An extensive variety of white Flannels, suitable for the approaching season, among which are several kinds, well known not to shrink in washing, viz:—Rogers's Flannel, 4-4 and 5-4 Silk Warp, fine Guernsey Flannel, manufactured of worsted, a beautiful article for outdoor wear.

☞Purchasers in want of superior fabrics, are invited to examine the assortment. 2m april 11

PAPER HANGINGS MANUFACTORY,

No. 322, Washington street, opposite Bowdoin Square.

HENRY WOOD, Paper Hanger and Paper Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable patterns, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market. He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.

Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.

H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.

Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box, at the Mechanics' business room, or at his house, No. 5, Graphic Court.

N.B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 28

OLD JAVA COFFEE,

ROASTED, Ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use, wholesale or retail. The subscriber will also send for, roast and grind Coffee at short notice, and return the same to any part of the city, free of expense, for two dollars per hundred. He also keeps constantly on hand pulverized Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. All kinds of Spices ground at short notice, by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street. march 28

COMBS AND FANCY GOODS.

ELISHA JACOBS has taken Store No. 75, Water-street, one door from Kilby street, for the sale of Combs, Perfumery and French and German Fancy Articles, at wholesale, which he offers at the lowest prices, viz. Ivory, Shell and Horn Combs; Pocket Books of all kinds; Silver Pencil Cases; Silver, Brass and Steel Thimbles; Hair, Cloth and Shaving Brushes; Silver and Drill Eyed Needles; Hooks and Eyes; Bead Bags and Purses; Beads of all colors; gilt and steel Purse Clasps; Steel Pens; Percussion Caps; Fancy Boxes; Fancy Soap, &c. &c. 5t march 21

CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS.

P CLAPP, at the London Clothes and Hat Warehouse, No. 54, Broad street, has just received a large supply of superfine Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of the most fashionable shades and colors, and extra quality, which will be sold by the piece or yard, or made into garments, on very reasonable terms.

He also keeps an assortment of fashionable Ready Made Clothing, of every description; Hats, Stocks, Gloves, Fancy Cravats, Pocket Hdkfs., Umb rellas, &c which will be sold at very low prices. 5t—march 7

LOOKING GLASS, PORTRAIT, PICTURE FRAME

MANUFACTORY,

36, Union-street, *(one door West of the Baptist Church.)*

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to attend to the commands of those who may be pleased to favor him with their business in the above line. He hopes by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage.

N. B. Particular attention paid to framing Ladies' Needle Work. Frames made for Looking Glass Plates. Old frames re-gilt.

feb 28 3m JOSEPH CABOT.

REFINED CIDER.

J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street, has on hand a large spring stock of prime Bottled Cider, which he offers for sale at wholesale or retail, also Bottled Porter, and Albany Ale; Moldram's Ale, in quart and pint bottles; together with a variety of bottled Wines—all of which will be sold at low prices, and sent to any part of the city free of expense. tf march 14

ALBRA WADLEIGH

HAS REMOVED from 312 Hanover to 301 Washington street, where he will keep a very general assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, which will be offered at the lowest cash prices. march 21

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 23 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb 21

NOTICE.

THE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT on Cragies' Bridge, is now open for ladies' and gentlemen's Warm Baths, from sunrise until 10 o'clock in the evening.

N. B. As the family of the proprietor lives in the establishment, there will always be a lady in attendance in the female department.

march 7 6t AUGUSTUS GRANT.

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES, 6 Court street near Washington st. march 21

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large assortment of Marble Chimney Pieces, of every variety of pattern, and of different kinds of marble, which he is determined to sell on the most reasonable terms. Having been the first to introduce this branch of Manufacture into the city of Boston, and having been constantly engaged in it, for twenty-five years, he flatters himself that he will be able to suit his customers as well at least, as those who have been acquainted with it, a 1-4 or an 1-8 of that period of time, or no time at all. He has in his employ able and experienced workmen, who understand setting Chimney Pieces as they should be set, a matter of much importance. He will also furnish Free-stone work for buildings of every description. He has also on hand Monuments for Cemeteries and Grave Stones of every kind, with a great variety of drawings and plans of the same, original and selected, at his shop in Front street, near Exet street. A CARY.

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Warehouse, No 149 Washington street Boston. 6m nov 1

WATCHES,

A LARGE assortment of *GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES*, constantly on hand and for sale by No 1 Washington street. THOMAS A. DAVIS & CO.

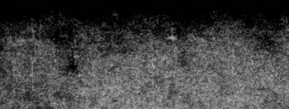
☞Watches exchanged. eop3m feb 21

FIG'D SILKS.

JUST RECEIVED—One case figured Silks, at very low price—for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, feb 28 No. 179, Washington-street.

STEAM PACKET BANGOR

[illegible]



[illegible] BANGOR, MAINE, and [illegible] every Wednesday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock; leaves Portland every evening at 7 o'clock, for Boston; touching at Cuttsmark, Boston, Gloucester and Plymouth, and arrive at Boston early in the morning.

Returning, will leave Boston for Portland and Bangor every Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same morning. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 300 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as easy other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes, who has been on the Eastern railway, and prepared. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on the main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No. 22 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

IMPROVED OVEN.

THE Subscriber having made an improvement upon Ovens for domestic and other purposes, respectfully asks the attention of persons who are about building or making alterations.

The improvement consists in the arrangement of the Oven and the mode of heating. The fire being applied in a sliding furnace underneath the cast iron bottom of the oven, the heat rises on one side, crosses the top, and descends on the other side through funnels of cast iron into the main flue or chimney, radiating the heat in its passage from all sides and descending below the bottom of the oven before it escapes—thus securing the greatest possible economy of heat; the whole apparatus being enclosed within a space or cavity by brick walls.

Also, in the application of a Thermometer, which enables the operator to graduate the heat and accomplish with certainty the desired results. The inventor having had one of these ovens in use more than a year, has exhibited it to several competent judges, who have pronounced it superior to any other oven now in use, and he confidently recommends it as worth the attention of those about to erect Ovens, and he will be ready at any time to exhibit and explain the same fully. The expense will be something more than the common oven, but much less than the Rumford oven, to which it will be found greatly superior.

N. B. The above is patented.

BENJ. BLANEY, Grate Manufacturer, feb 28 3m *No. 9, Congress Square*, (up stairs.)

BATHS.

BRAMAN'S WARM SALT WATER BATHS, bottom Chesnut street, are open every day from sunrise to 10 P. M. A female in attendance to wait on Ladies.

The Tremont fresh water Baths, Tremont House, open as usual. tf march 14

AMERICAN

PULMONARY BALSAM.

The Safest and most certain Remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Coughs and Colds, and all Pulmonary Diseases.

THIS Medicine was originally the private recipe of a distinguished Physician, in whose practice it was used with the most decided success.

CERTIFICATE.

This certifies that my daughter has for a long time been troubled with a bad cough, pains in her side, under the shoulder blade, and in her head; she was unable to eat any kind of food without it produced severe pains in her stomach; her sleep was very restless, attended with slight sweats, and in fact she had all the most aggravated symptoms of consumption. Frequent journeys into the country had been tried without producing any effect. She was at last recommended to try the American Pulmonary Balsam, by her physician, as it had been known to afford great relief in such cases, and to our great surprise she was in a short time totally relieved from all the above symptoms. I can therefore cordially recommend to every one afflicted with any affection of the lungs or stomach, to try this midicine, as in my opinion, it will much more than realize their expectations. (signed) WM W. MOTLEY.

Boston, Sept, 16, 1833.

Directions for using, and several other certificates from highly respectable individuals accompanying each bottle.

☞Purchasers should be particular to get the American Pulmonary Balsom, as there are some other kinds for sale of a similar name.

Sold wholesale and retail by F. S. & N. CARRUTH, No 4 Long whf, who are sole agents for the proprietor, and by Druggists generally. 3m feb 14

L. S. MARRING.

WOULD inform his friends and former customers that he has made arrangements with the ROXBURY INDIA RUBBER COMPANY, to manufacture first rate *WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES*, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at their Factory in Roxbury, and would invite them to call at the Store of Mr THOMAS C. WALES, No 195 Washington Street, Boston—where all the goods manufactured by him are for sale WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

N. B. All defects made good by a new Pair or Cash as the purchaser prefers. 3m feb 14

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.

1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES*, 'Joly's' manufacture, *(a superior article)* containing Lace Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, bronze and other colors.

Also, one case do do 'Esto's' manufacture.

The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' *SHOES*, of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by WILLIAM F. HAYNES, march 28 eop3m 246, Washington street.

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city; Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 22, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B; Nowell's Blacking at wholesale. feb 14 tf

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filled and rendered equally useful as before decayed.

INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH, in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use, will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth. feb 28 3m

HONEY COMB.

1000 LBS WHITE HONEY COMB, of extra quality, in patent boxes, of various sizes, just received from the State of Maine, and for sale at No 1 City Hall. OBRA GOSS. oct 11 tf

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Pocket Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c. april 4

SAMUEL WALES & CO.

HAVE removed to *No 49 KILBY STREET.* 3m feb 1

FRENCH PERFUMES, &c. &c.

[illegible] 179, Washington street, [illegible] Perfumes, viz. [illegible] Bouquets; Lavender Water; Rose Water; Jasmine Water; Orange Flower Water; Violet Water; Cologne; Bergamot; Bergamot Water; Rose Water; Cologne; Bergamot; Rose Water; Cologne; Bergamot; Rose Water; Cologne; Bergamot